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The
**South Atlantic
Quarterly**

EDITED BY
W. H. GLASSON AND W. P. FEW

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The Sewanee Review

QUARTERLY

EDITED BY JOHN M. MCBRYDE, JR.

FOUNDED in 1892, *The Sewanee Review* has steadily and consistently maintained its policy, announced in the first issue, of being a serious literary and critical journal. Avoiding all temptation to court wider popularity through mere timeliness in its articles, it has ever sought to serve as a repository of the literary essay and the critical review.

For the past ten years the magazine has drawn its contributions from a wide extent of country, representing thirty-eight states of the Union as well as England and Japan. New York leads with a total of thirty-three contributions out of a total of two hundred and sixty-four; but nearly forty-five per cent have come from the South, so that the magazine has contributed its share towards helping to encourage and develop independence of thought, to mould public opinion, to raise the standards of taste and literary expression, and to reflect the best tendencies in the culture and the life of the Southern people. Though not unnaturally a large majority of the contributors have come from the colleges, *The Review* has not been merely an academic organ, but has covered a broad field of literature, art, history, economics, theology, and current questions, and has always tried to approach these subjects in a dignified manner, free from prejudice and undue partisanship.

The Sewanee Review is conducted by members of the Faculties of the University of the South, Sewanee, Tennessee, but has no official connection with the University.

The South Atlantic Quarterly

The War and Pot-Boilers

H. HOUSTON PECKHAM
Purdue University

An ambitious young poet—not a war-poet—recently complained to his literary agent that none of his work had sold for more than a year. "I'm sorry," replied the agent, "but everything now is WAR, WAR, WAR!"

This is a very obvious fact. The best-sellers are no longer novels; and poetry, unless it deal with the stirring scenes "over there," is now almost unread. Book-store windows, which, four short years ago, displayed new novels by the dozen and the gross, are now so filled with "Over the Top," "Private Peat," and "My Four Years in Germany," that one never notices the fiction. Frequenters of libraries no longer call for the latest novel by Mr. Churchill or the latest poems by Mr. Masfield; but for "Germany, the Next Republic," "The First Hundred Thousand," or "I Accuse."

This new situation, naturally enough, has set the producers of mere literature to working in unwonted channels; for novelists and poets, like other human beings, must have their bread and butter. The motor-car craze turns wagon-works and bicycle-factories into automobile plants; converts blacksmith shops into garages. When a state goes "dry," the brewers turn to making near-beer. And when the public deserts the muses of song and story, the bards and the chroniclers must needs shift from real literature to the particular kind of "near" literature which the times demand.

A few of the novelists, such as Gertrude Atherton and W. J. Locke, are writing war novels; but most of them have, for the time being, discarded fiction altogether, and taken up the writing of contemporary history. The English novelists,

of course, started this business long ago. H. G. Wells now writes such books as "Italy, France, and Britain at War." Hugh Walpole tells us of conditions he has seen in Russian hospitals. John Galsworthy dabbles in the only kind of journalism now in vogue. And as for Arnold Bennett,—I suppose his numerous war articles in the weekly papers have won him thousands of readers who do not even know him as the delightful chronicler of life in the Five Towns.

Most of the American novelists were a little later in taking up the game, although Owen Wister started it early with "The Pentecost of Calamity"; and the world disaster was not many weeks old when war-articles from the pen of Robert Herrick began to appear regularly in a leading Chicago daily. As time has gone on, of course, it has become quite the expected thing to find Margaret Deland sagely discussing the question, "What, Really, Is Patriotism?"; Ernest Poole writing one week on Hoover, and the next on the "dark" people of Russia; Booth Tarkington analyzing—and deploring—Middle Western Anglophobia; and Edith Wharton depicting scenes in bleeding, heroic France.

Upon the poets the effect of the great conflict has been even more striking than upon the novelists. John Masefield, consummate poet that he is, is no longer content with the muse; but feels obliged to give us prose books on the Dardanelles campaign, and articles on ambulance in France. Alfred Noyes—alas!—is inditing a few mediocre verses and pouring forth a veritable deluge of war articles and stories so obviously ephemeral in character that we have been almost constrained to forget that considerably less than a decade ago he was writing some of the greatest poetry that has appeared in the present century. William Watson is content to let prose and journalism religiously alone, but he too is so obsessed with the war that during the past four years we have found him mainly busied in stridently scolding a tardy America or hurling melodramatic invectives at the Arch Hun, Wilhelm the Hated.

With the essayists, the transition from peace interests to those of war has been easier, more simple. Agnes Repplier, H. D. Sedgwick, and Samuel M. Crothers, who once were

fond of such subjects as "The Spinster," "The Mob Spirit in Literature," and "The Hundred Worst Books," now turn with almost equal facility, if with less charm, to "War and the Child," "Women and Preparedness," and "The Rising Tide of Democracy in Germany."

The playwrights have found it more difficult to adjust themselves to the new situation. True, Bernard Shaw, that garrulously impudent Irishman, directs his sprightly pen toward the writing of more or less pertinent articles on the affairs of the day. But the other leading dramatists—the ones who do not choose to work outside their sphere—are almost silent now. Pinero and Jones and Yeats have given us nothing of any consequence these four years. Indeed, the war period has brought forth in the English-speaking world only about one notable play from the pen of a first-rate dramatist: "A Kiss for Cinderella," by Sir James M. Barrie. Ephemeral war dramas, intended to remind us more poignantly of the great world struggle; or frothy musical comedies, concocted to make us forget the universal tragedy for a few frivolous hours, hold the stage these days. All of them, probably, will be forgotten five years hence.

I have said nothing of the present literary situation in Continental Europe. A short investigation, however, will show that the Continent does not differ greatly from the English-speaking nations. Verhearen, Jean Richepin, Maeterlinck, Lavedan, and Anatole France, forsaking their several crafts for the time being, have kept the presses warm printing war documents. Of the situation in Germany, Amelia von Ende says, in the *New International Year Book* for 1916: "It cannot be denied that the general standard of literary production is lower than it was before the war. The patriotic enthusiasm has so far not inspired a single work of such power that it would convincingly carry its message across the political boundary-lines."

To be sure, this tremendous international upheaval has produced a few things which are better than mere pot-boilers. It has brought forth "Mr. Britling," which is, in some respects, Mr. Wells's best novel. And by such wonderful lyrics as, "If I Should Die," "I Have a Rendezvous with Death,"

and "The Spires of Oxford," it has immortalized hitherto unknown poetic geniuses like Rupert Brooke, Alan Seeger, and W. M. Letts. On the whole, however, its literary influence has been anything but gratifying. It has vitiated the art of Bennett and Galsworthy; prompted Noyes and Watson to write some of the worst stuff they ever perpetrated; silenced the leading dramatists; and impelled our Louis Untermeyers to camouflage non-war material under such suggestive titles as "These Times." At the very best, indeed, it must be said that it has failed to add to any previously established reputation. True, Masfield's "Gallipoli" is thoroughly good, and Wister's "Pentecost of Calamity" is really powerful; but who imagines, for one moment, that the one or the other will take permanent rank beside such masterpieces as "The Daffodil Fields" and "The Virginian"?

The one consoling phase of the matter is that it has ever been thus. In France, between 1789 and 1815—the period covering the Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars—there appeared no fiction at all comparable to that of Balzac and Flaubert; no poetry in a category with that of Hugo, Musset, or Lamartine. Incendiary political pamphlets by Mirabeau, Marat, and other Revolutionists were the literary order of the day. In England, during the Napoleonic War period, only four real classics of fiction, "Sense and Sensibility," "Pride and Prejudice," "Mansfield Park," and "Waverley," were published. Poetry, meanwhile, was in a rather barren state. Scott alone, of the major poets, was in the heyday of his career. Wordsworth and Coleridge had begun to wane; Byron did only a minor portion of his best work; and Keats and Shelley were as yet obscure. Nor did the essays of Hazlitt, De Quincey, and Lamb appear until several years later. In America, between 1861 and 1865, there was amazingly little literature of any importance brought forth; although Bryant, Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, Lanier, Simms, Timrod, and Hayne were all living, and most of them were in the prime of life.

But why this bad effect of war on literature? The most patent reason for the difficulty is to be seen in something that I mentioned awhile ago: namely, the tendency of poets and

novelists to forsake their crafts for new kinds of writing. And here the result is as obvious, as inevitable, as the sum of two and two. Put a harness-maker at a cobbler's bench, and you are likely to get some inferior shoes. Man a ship with a land-lubber railroad crew, and you had better pray for the safety of the ship. In this connection, also, we must note that even where a writer has stuck to his accustomed field of labor, he has often had to change his philosophy diametrically. Thus, Alfred Noyes, who before the war was a rabid, almost a fanatical pacifist, is now trying to pluck a relentlessly bellicose tune from the strings of his old peace-lute.

Down beneath the surface, however, there lies a much bigger reason for the present temporary decline of literature. The fact is, this world holocaust is so colossal, so overpowering, that no living man, not even the most comprehending of its would-be interpreters, can view it in its true perspective. An American critic, speaking of a volume of Watson's war poetry, characterized the distinguished English author as being at present "a poet so overwhelmed that he forgets to sing." And St. John G. Ervine, in a recent *North American Review* article, aptly says: "Poets will not be able to write of this war with any artistry until the memories of it have been dimmed and blurred, and the bitterness and hate have been dissolved by the chemicals of time." The same is true, to only a slightly less degree, of the novelists. The great novels and poems of this war, like the great histories, will be written at some time in the future, after the guns have ceased their thundering. And, indeed, supremely excellent novels and poems, whether of war or of peace, will scarcely be written or read any more until that glad day.

The American Theatre in the Eighteenth Century

ORAL SUMNER COAD
Columbia University

The earliest recorded dramatic exhibition within the limits of the present United States was offered by certain citizens of Accomac in the colony of Virginia on the 27th of August, 1665. The play was entitled *Ye Beare and ye Cubb*. Our knowledge of this event arises from the fact that the three chief actors, on the complaint of an offended soul, were hailed before the court of justice, where a second performance was given, to the complete vindication of the participants and to the discomfiture of the informant, who was compelled to pay the costs.

At the dawn of the eighteenth century (Mr. O. G. Sonneck, in his *Early Opera in America*, has shown pretty conclusively that the date was 1703 instead of 1702 as often stated) Anthony Aston, an English adventurer who numbered acting and play-writing among his accomplishments, gave some performances at Charleston and later at New York. The first American theatre, there is reason to believe, was erected at Williamsburg, Virginia, in 1716, near the Bruton Parish Church. Players and scenery from England were included in the project. This house has emerged from oblivion in our own day as the setting for the closing incidents of Mary Johnston's *Audrey*. The first New York company of which we have any definite information seems to have been a professional body from London, which held forth between 1732 and 1734 in an upper room, capable of seating about four hundred, near the corner of Pearl Street and Maiden Lane. What was perhaps the second play-house in this country to be built expressly for theatrical purposes was put up in Charleston in 1736. Philadelphia's earliest experiment with the stage appears to have been made in 1749 by a semi-professional company, which probably continued its activities until suppressed by the magistrates as a public menace.

Thus did dramatics make a tentative start in several of the

leading colonial towns during the first half of the eighteenth century. But the most important event in the early history of the American stage was the arrival of the Hallam Company in 1752. William Hallam, manager of a minor London theatre, became bankrupt in 1750 and resolved to try his fortunes in the New World. He collected a band of about a dozen actors of no distinction, placed them under the direction of his brother Lewis, himself an actor, and sent them across the Atlantic. Their repertory consisted of perhaps twenty-four dramas, mostly Shakespearean and Restoration, and eight or ten farces. The troupe landed in Virginia, probably choosing the cavalier South as more favorable to the profession than the puritan North. They proceeded to Williamsburg, where they inaugurated their career with *The Merchant of Venice* on September 15, 1752.* A new, barn-like theatre, built the previous year, housed the enterprise. In the absence of an orchestra a lone harpsichord dispensed music.

The next fall Hallam's players migrated to New York. A theatre was erected in Nassau Street for their reception, the first building constructed in the city especially for dramatic exhibitions. The season extended from September to March; the playing nights were Monday, Wednesday and Friday; the performances began at six o'clock; the price of admission was soon fixed at six, four and two shillings.

In 1754 Hallam attempted to invade Philadelphia, but the Quakers petitioned the governor to prohibit "profane stage-plays." Permission was finally granted the company to open a theatre on condition that they offer "nothing indecent and immoral," that they devote one night's receipts to the poor, and that the manager give security for the payment of all debts contracted. The last stipulation clearly indicates the suspicion in which actors were held in many localities; indeed their status was often little better than that of vagrants. Vigorous opposition continued throughout the season of ten weeks. Pamphlets were distributed, and every effort was made to show

* Dunlap, in his *History of the American Theatre*, and others have placed this occurrence on September 5, but the announcement in *The Virginia Gazette* reads "On Friday next, being the 15th of September." Moreover the change from old to new style calendar, which was made just at this time, eliminated the days from September 3 to 13 inclusive.

the evils attendant upon the theatre, but the company prospered none the less.

Lewis Hallam was succeeded upon his death by David Douglass, who erected a new play-house on Cruger's Wharf in New York. He did so without the sanction of the authorities, and when he tried to open the doors in 1758 the privilege was denied him. He then advertised a "Histrionic Academy", in which he "proposed to deliver dissertations on subjects *moral, instructive, and entertaining*, and to endeavor to qualify such as would favour him with attendance to *speak in public with propriety*." This ruse failed to blind the eyes of the magistrates, but eventually permission for a brief season was granted.

Douglass's actors, like all the early companies, were literally a band of strollers. They carried their simple equipment with them and moved about the country as they saw fit. There were no theatrical magnates with whom they might make advance arrangements. Uninvited they entered whatever town they chose, picked out the most likely substitute for a play-house, set up their dingy canvas world, and dispensed the riches of Shakespeare and Otway and Congreve until it seemed expedient to move on. Being the chief purveyors of drama to the colonies, the Douglass troupe of barn-stormers embraced in its itinerary the extremes of Newport and Williamsburg, and besides New York, Philadelphia and Annapolis, visited many smaller towns where the court-house or other building was compelled to serve as a theatre. In general the actors were regarded as folk outside the pale of normal moral restrictions, from whom evil conduct was only to be expected. In reality their deportment seems to have been sufficiently correct, and it was their custom to give a benefit for the poor to allay ill-will. One annoyance from which the players suffered was the presence of intruders behind the scenes and even on the stage; sometimes the number on the stage was so large as to interrupt the performance. In return the actors imposed an inconvenience on the public by going from house to house soliciting patronage for their benefit nights. Both practices disappeared before the end of the century.

That the legal status of the profession was very low is

illustrated by the fact that during the Stamp Act troubles in 1766, the New York populace, prompted possibly by the monarchical sympathy of the players, stormed a theatre which Douglass had erected in Chapel Street and wantonly wrecked it. Nothing daunted, however, Douglass the next year put up a new house in John Street with a capacity of about one thousand. It was an unsightly object, built principally of wood and painted red; but for the next thirty years and more its homely walls were to echo with the plaudits or the hisses of innumerable audiences as the city's theatrical history was wrought out upon its dim-lit stage.

When it became evident that a break with the mother country was unavoidable, Congress, desiring to direct all resources toward the national welfare, recommended that gaming, cock-fighting and play-acting be discouraged—such company the theatre kept in colonial eyes. Accordingly Douglass shipped his troupe to the West Indies to await more peaceable times.

During the Revolution the English soldiers were our only actors. Among other horrors of war, puritan Boston was compelled to abide the presence of a makeshift play-house with Burgoyne at its head. Philadelphia maintained a body of soldier-actors with John André as scene-painter. The John Street Theatre, rechristened the "Theatre Royal", was kept open almost throughout the struggle by British amateurs, who seem to have been more capable of filling the house than were their professional predecessors. As in the days of Elizabeth the female parts in these military performances were commonly taken by men.

When the American Company, as it was called by this time, returned from the West Indies it was opposed on moral and patriotic grounds. In 1785, however, under the new managers, Lewis Hallam the younger and John Henry, an opening was finally effected in New York, but during the season attacks by pulpit and press were unremitting. Indeed the clergy so inflamed the people that there were threats of demolishing the theatre. But the opponents contented themselves with the milder protest of a memorial signed by seven hundred persons, asking the legislature to abolish theatres. This was met by a counter memorial with fourteen hundred signatures. In

the City of Brotherly Love, whither the company repaired in 1788, the atmosphere was so uncongenial that the performances were advertised "gratis", and the plays were disguised by moral captions: thus *She Stoops to Conquer* became *Improper Education*; *Hamlet*, *Filial Piety*; *Richard III*, *The Fate of Tyranny*. And even then the house seems to have been closed by the authorities. But the next year the drama won a significant victory in the repeal of the prohibitory law.

A few years later a similar victory was won in Boston. There acting had been forbidden by law since 1750 when some audacious individuals tried to perform *The Orphan*. In 1792 a still more audacious group defied the magistrates and erected a temporary theatre. It was innocently called the "New Exhibition Room", and programs consisting of songs, acrobatic feats and dances were given. Emboldened by the apparent indifference of the officials, these daring spirits next attempted dramas, advertised as moral lectures. After several weeks of impunity, the county sheriff "unexpectedly made his first appearance on that stage" and arrested the offenders. But in the ensuing year the restrictive ordinance was revoked, a substantial building was constructed, and the Boston stage became a permanent institution.

From 1792 theatrical conditions in the leading cities improved rapidly. In that year Thomas Wignell, a prominent comedian, withdrew from New York and organized a company in Philadelphia, which, recruited from England, surpassed its northern rival. He entered into partnership with Alexander Reinagle and undertook the construction of a playhouse in Chestnut Street, much larger and finer than any other in the United States, to supplant the old Southwark Theatre, that had been the home of the dramatic muse since 1760. Hallam and Henry also reinforced their company with several new actors from England, chief among whom was John Hodgkinson. He soon became the favorite of the public and the bane of the other first-line players, who were compelled to relinquish their principal parts to the newcomer. Before long he had driven Henry from the stage and had become a partner in the John Street establishment.

In 1796 William Dunlap, historian of the American theatre,

entered upon a troubled career as one of the directors, and within two years the sole director, of dramatic affairs in New York. To meet the growing demand of the play-goers the Park Theatre, superior in its appointments and the richness of its decorations to any of its American competitors, was erected in 1798. The managerial venture brought Dunlap to bankruptcy within a few years, but progress was made during his regime, for he exerted his influence in behalf of a more moral and intellectual stage than the country had yet known.

A few general statements concerning the theatrical customs and methods which obtained at the end of the century will serve to conclude this survey. The company was a fairly permanent group much like a modern opera company. It was attached to some theatre, which it considered its home and where it gave performances the greater part of the year. At other times it visited elsewhere as a whole or in sections. The manager (or managers in case of partnership), who was usually an actor, was not the hired servant of a body of owners or promoters, but was the ultimate director and dictator of affairs. He owned or rented the house and its equipment, chose and cast the plays, hired the actors, arranged the salaries, and in general was monarch of the mimic world.

The great majority of the players came from England where they had served in the minor theatres. None, of course, had left positions of much prominence to try their uncertain fate in the New World, but frequently they developed into competent performers; especially was this true of Hodgkinson and his wife, of Thomas A. Cooper and of the first Joseph Jefferson. Many of them were young actors who had come at the invitation of the managers, some were soldiers of fortune, and a few were veterans who had outlived their reputations in the old country. Until 1791 it was the practice of the American Company to pay its members with shares of the profits, but in that year the salary plan was substituted; the salaries now ranged between about \$10 and \$50 weekly. A time-honored method of eking out the income was the benefit. A portion of each season was set aside for this purpose; each member of the troupe was assigned a night for which he arranged the program and from which he received the profits. Once an

actor had shown his ability to handle a part it became in a manner his property, and it was no uncommon thing to see an elderly man playing the youthful role he had been given years before. Because of this permanence of casts there was much rivalry for the leading parts, and much ill-will resulted, especially between the older players and the new recruits fresh from England, who looked with lordly contempt on these Thespians of the wilderness.

An important member of the staff was the scene-painter. Before this period scenery had been largely neglected, a few cheap canvases blackened with age being used for all occasions. But in the nineties of the eighteenth century this branch of the art underwent improvement. New scenes were painted for the more prominent plays, and a vivid description of special scenery came to be one of the modes of advertising. Another indispensable person was the attendant, who at intervals during the performance appeared on the stage to move the furniture or to snuff the candles.

The repertories consisted of plays ranging from Shakespeare to the latest contemporary. English dramas were in an overwhelming majority, but, thanks to Dunlap's efforts, after 1798 translations from the French and German began to contest the field. American plays were accepted, but the most popular of them could not vie with the foreign pieces. Following British custom the program was composed of a comedy or tragedy, with a farce or comic opera as afterpiece. Perhaps a pantomime or song and dance would serve as interlude between the two. Not infrequently the bill would close with an acrobatic feat, such as a rope-walking act or a leap through a barrel of fire.

The audiences were distributed in an interesting manner. The boxes, to which the admission was one dollar, were much more numerous than now, and were the resort of the ladies and the gentlemen who accompanied them. It was the practice of the box-holders to send servants several hours in advance to protect the seats from invasion. Certain boxes were reserved for the ladies of easy virtue, who did not neglect this opportunity to advertise themselves. The pit was occupied almost entirely by unattached gentlemen, who paid seventy-

five cents for the privilege of sitting on a bench. Above them hung the chandelier of candles, and woe betide the apparel of the man who sat directly under it! The gallery was reserved for the rabble at fifty cents a head. They were the most vociferous part of the house, and did not scruple to express their disapproval by either words or missiles. At times actors, orchestra and audience alike suffered from their attentions.

But with all its crudity, our early theatre achieved honorable results. The permanent classics of English dramatic literature held a much larger place than they do today. Shakespeare, Otway, Farquhar, Rowe and Lillo found an abode in the play-houses of America, and actors capable of interpreting them. The companies must have been prodigiously industrious; during a year's run they would sometimes give as many as seventy plays and about the same number of farces. And at their best these performances were finished, dignified and artistic.

NOTE.—This article attempts to deal only with those cities and companies that were of especial importance in the development of our theatre.

The Significance of the Administration of Rutherford B. Hayes

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Two recent books have called attention to the significance of Hayes's administration, 1877-1881, both written by authors who defend President Hayes.* Professor Burgess, whose work embodies a series of lectures delivered at Kenyon College, where Hayes graduated in 1842, could hardly be expected to assume a critical attitude; but the warmth of his praise leaves little ground to think that he had any reservations in mind when he delivered his lectures. For example, nothing but sheer enthusiasm could have prompted him to describe the Hayes cabinet in the following words: "Taken all together, it was the strongest body of men, each best fitted for the place assigned to him, that ever sat around the council-table of a President of the United States" (page 65). I find myself forced to read the following extract describing the whole administration with the same feeling of protest: "No wiser, sounder, and more successful presidential period has ever been experienced in this country" (page 146). It would be hard to write about Hayes with less of that spirit of reserved statement which is the glory of the true historian than is displayed in these two typical extracts from Professor Burgess's book.

Mr. Williams's two volumes are offered to the public as an authoritative life of Hayes, and the second is surrendered almost entirely to the consideration of Hayes's administration. Conscientious industry and grasp of the subject characterize the treatment, although there is displayed little of the critical spirit. The author has had access to the papers in the possession of the Hayes family, and one of the most valuable features of his book is the frequent extracts given from Hayes's diary, a work which, it seems, would be well worth

* Burgess, John W., *The Administration of President Hayes*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1916. Pp. xi, 150.

Williams, Charles Richard, *The Life of Rutherford Birchard Hayes*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 2 volumes, 1914. Pp. xiv, 540; ix, 488.

publishing in its entirety. While he makes us realize and admire the strong and simple character of President Hayes, he gives us, also, a reliable and ample, if indiscriminating, account of what Hayes did in the high office to which he was called. The most regrettable feature of the book is its failure to correlate the story of the administration with the general history of the times. Hayes's administration had an important relation to the development of American political history; but in Mr. Williams's otherwise excellent volumes this relation takes a purely incidental position. To point out some of the most important features of this relation is the purpose of this review.

During the twelve years which ended early in 1877 political conditions passed from bad to worse with a steadiness that may well have reduced to despair the most optimistic patriot. Although the republican party embraced that element of the population in the North which ordinarily had most at heart the progress of good government, it also embraced the great capitalists, the strong business men who desired to exploit the government for their own interest, and the great mass of rural voters of the North to whom party allegiance was a matter of unquestioning faith. The party was well organized by leaders whose moral scruples were never keen. It was fortified by the glory it had acquired in other days as the defender of the union and by the fact that its opponents were forced to appear as defenders of the South, whom the people thought still desirous of thwarting the ideals of a righteous policy of emancipation. Its opponents were so much discredited by their association with the aspirations of the South that they were not a serious menace to any bad policy the republicans chose to adopt. The general result was that the worst element in the republican party did not hesitate to drive the party to the adoption of a course of selfishness for which not even the democrats in the most exalted days of Jacksonian power would have dared assume responsibility. Cynical indifference to public opinion, unblushing misuse of the patronage, and official vulgarity reigned in the party's councils and lowered the standard of public life in Washington until men who loved good government began to feel that

it was useless to hope for reforms. It was Hayes's task to attack these evils in a steady effort to bring the party back to such a state of soundness as would make it representative of the better class of the people of the country. That he could make it absolutely pure was impossible, and there is good reason to believe that Hayes himself, reformer as he was, did not have delusions on that particular point.

Four notable problems confronted him when he took the reins of government: the restoration of self-government in the South; the establishment of national finances on a sound basis; the promotion, as far as he was able, of civil service reform; and the reduction of the power of the group of self-willed men who had given peculiar significance to the term "Grantism." The second we may dismiss with little discussion. Bringing the government back to a sound financial condition, both as to the resumption of specie payment and the refunding of the war debt at moderate interest, had been provided for by acts of congress before he became president; and for Hayes the chief obligation was to resist the pressure to undo what had been done. For such resistance he was more than adequate.

It was not hard to see what ought to be done about the Southern problem. In three recently reconstructed states civil government still rested on military force. Any tyro could tell him that the situation was against the fundamental principles of republican government, and that, under the circumstances, the only thing to do was to withdraw the troops and let the Southerners assume the responsibility of preserving peace and enforcing justice in their own country. If they made mistakes the results would be for their own disadvantage, and if they violated the federal constitution they could be dealt with after the fact.

The problem in this form was not difficult. It became hard in connection with the situation that was certain to arise in his own party as soon as the troops were withdrawn. The "carpet-bag governments" in the South were dear to the hearts of the regular republicans of the North. To destroy them at a blow would place him in antagonism with a large and strong element of his own party. The machinery of sectional preju-

dice, long in use in creating political capital in the North, would be turned against him and his friends. He would be especially vulnerable, since he held his office solely because it had been decided that the three Southern States concerned had gone republican. If he threw these states to the democrats, his opponents would say he invalidated his own election. It cannot be doubted that Hayes weighed well all these arguments and took his course with his eyes open to the consequences. Under the storm of abuse that the ousted carpet-baggers and their friends called down on him, he never faltered in his chosen course.

In reforming the method employed in making appointments to office he was equally firm. His pre-election pledges in behalf of this reform were without qualification; and they were executed, as far as they could be executed under existing conditions. His merit in this respect lay, not so much in accepting civil service reform, as in standing by it. Any intelligent and well-meaning citizen who was not under the influence of shallow "practical" politics must realize that the old method of selecting civil servants was pernicious. Many thousands of people in the country had come to this conclusion, and Hayes was only one of them. Many presidents had realized it in their day, even the prosaic and essentially partizan Polk. Hayes was the first who deliberately and persistently tried to employ a system of merit in determining whom he should appoint to the administrative offices of lower grade.

He found in existence a well defined system of party assessments, by which the offices were made to yield a large portion of the money necessary to run the election campaigns. The system fostered inefficiency in office, and it was, also, an offense to decency. He lost no time in issuing an order that campaign assessments should not be levied, and it is asserted that no official lost office through refusing to pay such an assessment. At the same time he ordered that federal officials should not take active part in party affairs. The offenses at which these orders were directed were so well rooted in the life of the times that his efforts did not remove them, but there is no doubt that the orders were issued in all sincerity.

Hayes's fourth problem, the reduction of the power of the

party machine, was the greatest that confronted him. It meant that he was called on to shift the centre of gravity in his party, and to do this it was necessary to put a new spirit of confidence in good government into the rank and file of the voters who ranged themselves under the party banner. He gave evidence of his purpose when he refused to allow Conkling, Blaine, Cameron, and "Zack" Chandler to help him in making up a cabinet. He undoubtedly realized that he was planting the seed of strong opposition to his administration, but he did not hesitate. His opponents lost no time in letting him know what he was to expect at their hands. Their first move was to postpone the confirmation of his cabinet, a step without precedent in our history. Their action brought such a strong protest from the public that they hastily withdrew from their position and the nominations were confirmed. Thus Hayes won the first round in the fight, but his victory did not mean that the opposition was routed.

Although annoyed by the irritating criticisms that Blaine, Butler, "Bill" Chandler, and others made of his Southern policy, he moved on steadily in his pre-arranged course. He gave his next blow in New York, where he tried to reform the administration of the custom-house. The notorious abuses in that office flourished under the protection of Senator Conkling, who resented the removal of Arthur, the collector, and Cornell, the naval officer, at the port of New York. Conkling determined to prevent the appointment of successors to these ousted friends. He got the new nominations referred to the committee on commerce, of which he himself was chairman, and had the committee report against confirmation. Hayes did not become discouraged but stood by his colors. He made other nominations for the offices in question and when congress met in 1878 they were laid before the senate. Conkling tried the same game of delay and came at length to the bitterest opposition. Nevertheless, the tide was running against him. Hayes's steady insistence on reforms had reached the conscience of the people, and public opinion made itself felt in the senate. February 3, 1879, the long fight came to an end. Conkling rallied his forces in vain. His insistence on the efficacy of "senatorial courtesy" was ignored, and he came to

a crushing defeat. Hayes's New York appointments were approved by a majority of the senate composed of the Hayes republicans and a number of democrats, whose chief purpose, however, was to drive deeper the wedge dividing the republican party. At any rate, the victory served to advance good government. It lessened the power of the republican machine, lowered the prestige of Senator Conkling, and went a long way in making the people believe that the republican party was capable of throwing off the worst features of "Grantism." No one thing in Hayes's administration was more useful in purifying the political atmosphere.

Statesmen sometimes commend themselves to us by their wisdom and sometimes by their integrity. Sometimes they are distinguished for strength of mind that enables them to understand the complex situation before them, and sometimes it is strength of character that enables them to attack and carry the fortifications of bad government. In Hayes's attitude toward the four problems just mentioned it was character rather than mind that served him and the country. It did not require great mental ability to see that self-government should be restored in the South, that the finances should be placed on a sound basis, that civil service reform should be established, and that the overweening power of selfish party leaders should be reduced. Any intelligent man could see the wisdom of all these policies. What was needed was the courage to attack and the steadiness to carry through in the face of party opposition. That courage and steadiness Hayes had in an unusual degree. During his fight with Conkling, which lasted for a year and a half, no member of the group with whom he advised was less excited than he. Patiently and without visible concern for the result he set his standard high and insisted that it should be met by those who had the responsibility of meeting it. He was not an imaginative man. Plain and sincere he grasped duty in a friendly manner, as though it was the only thing to do. It was this trait that gave him a touch of kinship with the average good citizen and made his course popular with the men who made up the strength of public opinion.

Perhaps the most notable new plan that Hayes made in

the course of his administration turned out a failure. It was his attempt to build up a new party composed of the best men of the North and the best of the South. Early in his administration he had the support of a group of Southern members of congress, led by Hill and Gordon, of Georgia, whom he thought he could bring into his own following, combining them with the more liberal-minded republicans and using them to break down the influence of Conkling, Blaine, and Butler. It was a dream that Andrew Johnson had entertained in 1865, when it failed because it encountered the solid rock of party prejudice. Likewise, neither Hayes's Southern friends nor his Northern supporters were willing to cut themselves loose from the parties to which they owed their elections. It was in the hope that he would promote this kind of a movement that Hayes named Key, formerly a Southern democrat, postmaster-general. The appointment was indifferent in itself, and so great was the protest of the republicans against having to see a democrat to get their friends made postmasters that Key was soon forced to turn over the appointments in his department to an assistant postmaster-general who was a regular republican.

Hayes was at bottom a party man. Before 1876 he gave ample indication of this fact. He resisted the liberal republican movement in 1870-1872, and his speeches on the stump in Ohio at this period contained nothing that could have caused alarm to the friends of Grant. While not a rabid waver of the red shirt, he nevertheless kept that garment in plain view, using it discreetly in his own campaigning. Although he was known for a civil service reformer on principle, he did not openly attack his party associates when they defied it. In the campaign of 1876 he knew that government officials were being assessed in behalf of his election and contented himself with a mild protest to the secretary of the republican campaign committee. To the chairman, Zachariah Chandler, who had such matters in hand, he seems to have sent no protest (Williams, I, 482). In fact, nothing in Hayes's career before his nomination indicated that he would prove a reformer of the party that supported him. While not accepted as an extremely "practical" politician, he was con-

sidered a man who could be trusted for the promotion of party harmony, a sound and sane republican in whom were no flaws.

As his administration drew near its close this trait of Hayes's character came into prominence. His victory over Conkling early in 1879 was his last notable step toward the purification of the party. He had already raised factions in the ranks, but from that time he seems to have been willing to allow the division to subside. Probably this course was partly due to the influence of men like John Sherman and William Evarts, who as members of his cabinet had supported all he had done in the first and second years of the administration. He knew that he was only an incident in the leadership of the party. He would pass away with the inauguration of the next president. It was not for him to disrupt its ranks permanently by insisting on reforms which the "Stalwarts" were sure to oppose. Against such a course Sherman, who was to remain a permanent factor in the struggle, was sure to protest. Hayes, therefore, was content to allow the achievements of his presidency to stand for what they were worth. While he did not retreat from any position he had taken, he did not carry forward the fight into other fields. Rutherford B. Hayes was a good man to hold what had been gained, but not an aggressive man in the face of great obstacles.

It should be said, also, that in the second half of his presidency the centre of interest in political life shifted from the contest within the republican party to the contest between the democrats and the republicans in view of the coming presidential election. The minority party was seeking to lay the foundation of their campaign of 1880 by raising an investigation of the election of 1876 and by trying to change the federal election laws. Their opponents replied with whatever charges they could bring. In the bitterness of the battle that was now joined, the issues that made the first half of the administration most conspicuous retreated into the background.

Hayes seems to have welcomed the opportunity to escape public notice. He loved the quiet of private life. No man was happier in the domestic circle. Thus, while the leaders of the party called their respective followers together for the preliminary jockeying of 1880, he looked forward eagerly to

his coming release from political turmoils. To fight for position was not his nature. He resigned himself to the obscurity of the ex-presidency with as little regret as if he had enjoyed the full measure of political honor, a two-term occupancy of the presidential office. The men of the hour, Conkling, Blaine, Sherman, and lesser leaders, went on with the never ending strife, content that he might slip quietly away from the scenes for which he had little liking; and the country soon came to consider his brief period of power a small incident in the history of the times. It is only in the light of historical perspective that we are able to see in what respect it marked the enactment of four important events in our political progress, events which took their form because he was a man of simple character and persistent courage.

Creation or Criticism?

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The more radical of the American poets are conducting a violent offensive against the prevailing Puritanic, Mid-Victorian taste of readers of books and magazines. It can scarcely be denied that they have broken through the defenses of prudes and college professors, of magazine editors and publishers of books, and old-fashioned people generally. Many of us have been taken prisoner, and, already forgetful of a past when one might dip into Tennyson without incurring the derision of one's friends, are reading a free-verse poem daily without protest or repining. Even if unable to recognize an Imagist when we see or hear one, we read what is given us and do not complain if we are not able to understand or criticize, since the possession of a critical faculty on the part of an ordinary reader is strictly *verboten* by our new masters. Of course, the struggle is not ended; a few scattered, unintelligent persons maintain a ragged defense of the older poetry; but a really organized resistance is apparently of the past.

Although I freely admit that I am one of the captives, that I read and enjoy much free verse, and that I should never think of deciding for myself what is good or what is bad, I find that my masters are making an unexpected demand upon me: I am to surrender not only my taste but my intelligence as well. The new poets are giving us our poetry—well and good. But they are also giving us our theories, our definitions, of poetry. They tell us that poetry must never be *that*; that its business is precisely *this* and no other; that the Wordsworths and Arnolds, once deemed wise, who said some things about poetry which we were inclined to believe, were only old fogies after all. Now I should like to protest mildly against this assumption on the part of a few contemporaries that they have a corner on poetical *Kultur*. To begin, let me return to the old question, What is the function of poetry?

Two answers appear constantly in the criticism and discussions of critical theory of recent years. For some, true poetry is criticism—as Matthew Arnold said, it is “a criticism of life.”

For others, it is creation, creation of life—in the words of one of our best-known poets, Mr. Hagedorn, it (and art generally) “is not an escape from life, nor a criticism of life, but an expansion of life into regions which ordinary human experience cannot otherwise reach.”

Now it may seem at first thought to matter little which theory one holds, since evidently neither theory prevents one from writing good poetry or good criticism. And perhaps it does not make a great deal of difference in most cases, just as it makes very little difference whether one believes in monogamy or not so long as one does not actually practice polygamy. Theory, nine times out of ten, does not result in practice; practice results in theory. But the tenth time, when theory actually does affect practice, then the devil may be to pay. In any event, it is well to make as clear as one can what a theory means.

For the determined advocate of the criticism-of-life theory poetry is a kind of inspired sermon. It shows the world how wicked it is and how fine it would be to be good. An anonymous writer in the *Westminster Review* a few years ago told us that “If poets had done their duty, we should not be confronted with the hopeless problem of Poverty, and the standing menace of Unemployment.” The problem of distinguishing good from bad poetry he finds simple. “We have ready to our hand immediately a supreme and searching criterion of true Poetry, or the best Poetry. Does it embody a sense of sin and sorrow for sin, and abhor unrighteousness, which must not be confounded with evil? Does it express and encourage a creative faith, which calls new spaces and times into being, to redress the balance of the old? And does it breathe the inspiration of a quickening love, transcendent, compulsory, immortal, catholic, which gathers the universe in its arms, and if there was no God and no Heaven, would yet inhabit the one and adore the other?”

For this writer poetry is something which reveals the highest in human life and makes that highest attractive. The test of poetry for him is the test of life: Is it moral? And this view is pretty nearly the view of most who hold to the criticism theory. Does Matthew Arnold say anything essentially dif-

ferent when he declares, "Constantly, in reading poetry, a sense for the best, the really excellent, and the strength and joy to be drawn from it, should be present in our minds and should govern our estimate of what we read?" If the view of poetry expressed by the anonymous writer in the *Westminster Review* is a narrow one, it is because his view of life is a narrow one. For the believer in the criticism-of-life theory, the attitude toward life is also the attitude toward poetry. The writer of a recent book on critical theory says that as he develops his theory of literature and criticism, he expects a theory of life also to appear. This is necessarily the case with men who believe that literature is a criticism of life. Perhaps the same thing is true of the believer in the creation theory too; but, if so, he is not necessarily aware of the fact.

The supporters of the creation theory are drawn from several camps. Students of aesthetics who see in art a world apart, poets who demand for their creative activity a perfect freedom which life does not give, and critics who are influenced by one or the other or both of the first two groups are all found preaching the creation theory. All are agreed in rejecting the tests which we apply to life. "A poem," says Lord Haldane, "is an end in itself, and is to be valued for its own sake, and not for that of some end." "We have done with all moral judgment of literature," writes Mr. Spingarn. For him the only test is, "What has the poet tried to do, and how has he fulfilled his intention?"

Although our radical poets are not the disciples of anyone, they adhere to the creation theory with its gift of freedom. They state their faith with varying degrees of emphasis. In her recent book on American poetry, Miss Lowell quite agrees "with that brilliant disciple of Signor Benedetto Croce, Mr. J. E. Spingarn, that the criticism of art should be first, foremost, and all the time aesthetic" and that "its aesthetic value is, in the final summing up, the only value of a work of art, as such." But Miss Lowell is impelled to add, in defense of her own book indeed, that "life, too, has a right to its criticism, and to the lover of poetry the life which conditioned the poems also has its charm." Elsewhere she insists that the beauty of poetry as a work of art "could not exist without the soil

from which it draws its sustenance, and it is a fact that those works of art which are superficial or meretricious do certainly perish remarkably soon." This looks to me very much like putting Life out at the front door and secretly admitting him again at the back. At any rate, it does not look like entire agreement with Mr. Spingarn. However, not to make Miss Lowell seem to be on the side of the moralists, let me quote another sentence: "Works of art live or die by the manner of their telling rather than by their content, however strange such an idea may be to the contemporary reader;" though why this idea should be strange to any one now alive is more than I can conceive. Her apparent rejection of Sandburg and Masters, the men who have something to say, in favor of "H. D." and J. G. Fletcher, the worshipers of beauty, shows her own bent, just as her own poetry does.

Disregarding the somewhat stronger utterances of Mr. Ezra Pound and Mr. Fletcher, I shall proceed to the writer who has spoken the theory of the radical poets most boldly and most consistently. I do not know the position of Mr. Maxwell Bodenheim in the new school, but he is at least representative. In the pages of the *New Republic* he says that the "pursuit of poetry which has as its basis the wrongs of the poor, or the utterance of the broader emotional surges of humanity, may have an undying place in literature but it cannot be the basis of a separate art. The distinct social message or sermon, no matter how right or much needed it may be, is only of a utilitarian or corrective value, although it may rise to tremendous heights of clear prose strength. True poetry is the entering of delicately imaginative plateaus, *unconnected with human beliefs or fundamental human feelings* (my italics). When poetic style is rescued from its position of chambermaid to some 'burning message' or 'noble idea' and dressed so deftly and fantastically that it becomes its own reason for existence, poetry will reach these plateaus in greater quantity than occasional lines or widely separated poems." Although Wordsworth produced the right kind of poetry in "the daffodil poem, and one or two others," Mr. Bodenheim finds that he is subject to the very tradition which is proving so obnoxious, since he held that "Poetry must be a reflection of human nature in all its noblest aspects."

These various writers, from Lord Haldane to Mr. Bodenheim, perhaps do not think at all alike about very important matters connected with poetry, but in the main they agree. The believers in the creation theory say that the business of the artist is not the business of anybody else, because his business is wholly apart from the rest of life, or almost so. The believer in the criticism-of-life theory, on the other hand, does think that the artist is like other people and that his work must be subjected to the same test as the work of a statesman, or an editorial writer, or a carpenter—that is, does it, on the whole, tend to make this a *better* world? This does not imply, however, that other tests need not be applied, since Arnold's definition of poetry as a criticism of life is qualified by the phrase "under the conditions fixed for such a criticism by the laws of poetic truth and poetic beauty."

The significance of the theories which I have been distinguishing, in relation to an important part of the newer poetry, begins, I hope, to be clear. For some of the most typical (or most advanced) of the new poets, poetry is or ought to be something like a new contribution to human life, and to appreciate it one needs not so much to be fundamentally *human* as to be fundamentally *poetic*. The old poetry, at least that which is still read, is fundamentally human, and one must be human to appreciate it—that is, one must be responsive to the "broader emotional surges of humanity." Of course much of the new poetry, much free verse and some imagist verse perhaps, is allied in spirit with the older poetry; but an anthology like "The New Poetry" contains a great deal, from Miss Lowell to Mr. Bodenheim himself, that is really *new*, a great deal that frankly cuts loose from what we ordinarily call life.

One or two aspects of this subject need some explanation. To a certain extent the quarrel is between poet and public, as indicated in one or two of the quotations given. The public expects to find its ideas and ideals, its experiences and its morality, in the poetry it reads. Naturally, any true poet refuses to surrender his individuality; he must, as a poet, express his own vision of life. But the radical poet damns the public. Mr. Pound spoke for a class when he made this statement in the *Little Review* last May: "There is no misanthropy in a

thorough contempt for the mob. There is no respect for mankind save in respect for detached individuals." When one of these poets happens to have a glimpse of life like that which ordinary people may have, he suppresses it or disguises it so that, when it appears as poetry, it is unrecognizable. The radical poetry, consequently, is largely for poets or persons of highly aesthetic temperament who are seeking for something different. Mr. Fletcher, in a review of "H. D.'s" *Sea Garden*, after saying that her poetry "is beauty independent of laws, holding but to its own hard and bitter perfection," adds, "Perhaps not to many it will appeal, because most of us have the human thirst for imperfection; for the sea-change and not for the sea-peace that follows after the change; for the surface dance and glitter and not for the profound, calm light of the depth. But to some it will appeal, and its future is safe in their hands." Miss Lowell says that "'H. D.' is indubitably a poet for poets," and of both "H. D." and Mr. Fletcher she states that "for the artist they hold more gifts than do the other poets we have been considering"—that is, Frost, Robinson, Masters, and Sandburg; and the reader is left with an impression not supported by very definite statements, that she regards her judgment as the probable verdict of time.

If the radical poetry depends for its success largely upon poets, there are so many of this class (not all poets have their poems published, in spite of appearances) that the advanced school has made very notable progress. Its hope for the future must be in the preservation of the species of poets and aesthetes who now read it, for I fear that the public will not in many generations be sufficiently educated (or *uneducated*) to appreciate it. While the older poetry is perhaps not widely read and therefore is not aesthetically appreciated by the masses, yet its ideals have been of such a nature that they have penetrated through the various strata of human taste and intelligence and formed a part of essential *humanity*.

Another aspect of the question of the function of poetry is its relation to poetic form. The radical poets and the believers in the creation theory recognize that life—that is, the artistic life—is changing and that the old forms may be inadequate for the new life. They recognize, in many cases at least, that there is no real distinction between matter and form,

that new matter means new form, and that the imposing of restrictions upon the poet may crush his poetry. To a certain extent the history of literature justifies this attitude.

Similarly, the radical holds that no subject-matter and no method should be imposed upon the poet. His world of art is a new world. Each creation is a new creation and subject only to laws of its own. Is not this the meaning of the following sentences by Mr. Fletcher: [Miss Lowell's] "work cannot be judged as a fixed and finished product, but as an ever-growing approach to a new and more intensely vital life-perspective. It reconstructs humanity for us in a new way; it is radically different from all that preceded it; and therefore cannot be judged by past standards; for its importance the future alone will be answerable."

The radical poet demands, then, absolute freedom from the demands of morality, the wishes of the public, and the precepts of criticism.

If I had to choose between poetry as a criticism of life and poetry as a creation of life, I am sure that I should choose creation. If any one has the right to create a world of his own, it is the poet. If any one has the right to experiment unrestrained with the materials of life, it is the poet. It is only through free experiment that progress is possible. Moreover, the composition of a work of art is not like the building of a house according to specifications. The artist surrenders himself (within limits) to his materials and emotions, unaware where they may lead him. To restrict him would make impossible the spontaneous or the really new. The creation of an ideal world which satisfies the deepest needs of the poet's nature is the business of the true poet.

But a little thought shows that the poet cannot absolutely escape from the limitations of the world. He is writing for some one, and he knows it. It may be for his wife, or for a group of admirers, or for the editor of a magazine, or for some imagined sympathetic reader, or for a certain larger group that may be called the public. In any case, the mood in which he works and the final outcome of his effort—the poem itself—are conditioned by the fact that writing poetry is a social act, and there is nothing to compel one to believe

that he should write for one group or individual rather than another; there is certainly nothing to compel him to write for poets rather than for humanity.

Moreover, really creative poetry is, as a rule, a criticism of life. It is a criticism of life because it is creation, because it holds up the ideal—at least the different—beside the commonplace or real, and we judge the commonplace or real by it. In fact, there is a more or less conscious judgment of a better and worse in life by the poet himself. To a very important degree, the poet creates for us and for himself the ideal toward which we reach or which we reject. Milton, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, all are, in this sense, critics of life. The "Ode to a Nightingale," personal and aesthetic in its appeal as it is, presents to the reader a better and a worse in human life. An English poet, Sir Henry Newbolt, has shown such clear consciousness of the double function of poetry that I shall quote from his article on "Futurism and Form" which appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* in 1914.

"Good poetry, poetry in the full sense of the word, is the masterly expression of rare, difficult, and complex states of consciousness, of intuitions in which the highest thought is fused with simple perceptions, until both together become a new emotion. And of all the possible emotions, the strongest and most binding is felt when the poet's consciousness of the world is tinged with man's universal longing for a world more perfect; for when the life which he creates is nearest to the life which we ourselves live, then the eternal contrast is most visible and most poignant."

In spite of Sir Henry Newbolt, a retort from the radical is obvious. We do not read *Paradise Lost*, I am told, because it justifies the ways of God to man, nor *The Idylls of the King* because they portray the war of soul and sense. Nor do we refuse to read *Don Juan* because it makes virtue seem inferior to vice nor *Dolores* because in it vice is clothed with beauty. Now to a certain extent we do these very things, and I am sure that part of the beauty of *Paradise Lost* is in the lofty idealism of the poet; that part of the beauty of *Don Juan* is in its scorn of hypocrisy; and that the beauty of *The Spoon River Anthology* (and it is not wholly without beauty) is very largely

in the exaltation of plain and genuine over sham virtue. Some of the poems of Mr. Carl Sandburg, unconventional in form though they are, represent genuine poetic creations; and for that reason they criticise life, make more evident to us the values of life that concern every intelligent human being.

But too much of the new poetry is creative in the sense that it is merely an addition to life which has no relation to it but that of juxtaposition. It does not express the wisdom of the ages; it cares nothing for the logic of common sense; it does not value the profound emotions of the human heart—the indignant sense of outrage and injustice, the joy of patriotic surrender to a great cause, the passionate love of children. At least it does not powerfully stimulate these emotions and it deliberately avoids doing so. The deeper feelings may possibly be used to fill in the background of the poetic picture, or they may be a kind of bridge over which the aesthetic emotion crosses to the reader, or a scaffolding which makes the completed poem possible but must not mar its perfect aspect; they are the toilers underground for the queenly lady whom we must worship. If one can produce the desired emotional effect by purely poetic means—that is, without thought or appeal to fundamental emotions—and only by the use of sounds and their relations and images and their relations, let him do so and produce *pure poetry*. As for the criticism of such poetry—well, really it can be interpreted only in terms of itself. As a matter of fact, we find it interpreted by its sponsors largely in terms of that which is nearest akin—the other arts—and scarcely at all in terms of life, to which it is not related. Theoretically I see no objection to this attitude. It has resulted in some pretty poems. I am tempted to quote one of them. Perhaps the following by Mr. Bodenheim, which Miss Monroe and Mrs. Henderson thought worth including in their anthology, will do:

THE REAR-PORCHES OF AN APARTMENT-BUILDING

A sky that has never known sun, moon or stars,
A sky that is like a dead, kind face,
Would have the color of your eyes,
O servant-girl, singing of pear-trees in the sun,
And scraping the yellow fruit you once picked
When your lavender-white eyes were alive . . .

On the porch above you are two women,
Whose faces have the color of brown earth that has never felt rain.
The still wet basins of ponds that have been drained
Are their eyes.
They knit gray rosettes and nibble cakes . . .
And on the top-porch are three children
Gravely kissing each others' foreheads—
And an ample nurse with a huge red fan . . .

The passing of the afternoon to them
Is but the lengthening of blue-black shadows on brick walls.

In this poem I find that use of tragic emotion to fill in the background of the picture to which I have already referred. The emotion is barely suggested it is true; the author would scorn to give it a name. It is there *merely* to intensify the aesthetic effect. And the total effect is one of hardness.

This is all very well. If any one wants pure poetry, let him have it. What I want to know is whether or not I ought to like poetry that is not pure, poetry that throws vast shafts of light into the depths of life to reveal its mightier significance, and if I do like it, whether I should regard myself as one of the "great unwashed," who judge by inferior standards. I shall not try to answer my own question, but I will suggest an excuse for myself. In this time when our total energy is needed to preserve all that we believe worth while in the world, when all values, even the most fundamental, waver before our eyes as if about to disappear, many desire poetry that is creative in the sense of giving value to our working and our planning and our fighting. If poetry, to be pure, must abandon the fundamentally human, heaven save us from pure poetry.

The Cumberland Mountains in Verse

JULIUS W. PRATT

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We have long been accustomed to look to the novelists, and particularly, in this country, to the short story writers, for the portrayal and analysis of local human types and local manners. In the last few years, however, the poets have been persistently encroaching on this territory and have perhaps struck deeper into the mysteries of provincial psychology than have most of their predecessors in fiction. Certainly the life of the small middle western town has been placed in a new light by Edgar Lee Masters, while not one of an able group of story tellers has drawn more vividly either the psychology or the landscape of rural New England than has Robert Frost, the poet of *North of Boston*.

Less significant than the work of either of these men, but still interesting and in some points illuminating, is this volume of Kentucky poems, *Old Christmas, and Other Kentucky Tales in Verse*, by William Aspenwall Bradley (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.25 net). Although by his own confession the author was a resident of the Cumberland Mountain country for only six months, he appears to have gained some very accurate impressions of the Southern mountaineer with whom we have been acquainted through the stories of John Fox, Jr., and Miss Murfree ("Charles Egbert Craddock").

The volume may necessitate in some readers a modification of romantic conceptions of mountaineer life. Not that the book is unromantic—by no means; but the romance is less colored with heroics than in some interpretations. That the mountaineer is a moonshiner and sometimes a feudist is common knowledge and is not too seriously held against him. Both sins are taken as manifestations of a high, romantic self-dependence and add to his literary if not to his social value. But there are other vices which are less susceptible of decorative use, and these the usual romantic picture has generally omitted. That the mountaineer of the distant fastnesses is

often as primitive in his conception of family life and its obligations as in his disregard of excise laws and courts of justice is one inference to be drawn from Mr. Bradley's poems.

That this society is primitive—primitive rather than decadent—is the inevitable conclusion resulting from a comparison of Mr. Bradley's work with that of Frost and Masters. Its sins spread themselves in the light of day; its unwholesome desires work themselves out without suppression or concealment; what rottenness exists is on the surface, not at the core. There will be no post mortem confessions of the Spoon River type in these mountains, for life is lived in the open. Nor is there the introspection or self-analysis to be found in Frost's New England poems. Where bullets are law, where the stronger rival rides off with the object of his desire across his saddle, life is simple and conscience is reduced to a minimum of functioning. The psychology is that of children,—simple, spontaneous, complacent. No puritanism has entered here with its self-analysis. It is significant that all the vices and vagaries of these characters are revealed by their neighbors, not by themselves. The life may be ignorant, cramped, squalid, sensual, but it is seldom morbid.

Such, at any rate, is the case if we accept Mr. Bradley's picture as accurate. The question naturally arises—is this difference between local types really objective, or is it merely a difference of temperament between the writer of these poems on the one hand and Masters and Frost on the other? The temperamental difference exists of course; neither Frost nor Masters could have written these poems. But no one who knows the mountaineer can conceive of work like Frost's or Masters's springing from such a soil. The life of the mountaineer is external, just as these poems are external,—a life not unlike that of the early Scottish Border. It is a life of deeds, whether good or evil, not a life of thought or conscience. This is the picture Mr. Bradley has caught, and for the most part his characters ring true.

I have found comparison with Frost fruitful in more than one respect,—in subject matter, point of view, and workmanship. Romantic rather than realistic or analytical in char-

acter, Mr. Bradley's poems are yet without one quality that we might expect to find. The modest hills and woods of the New England landscape live unforgettably in Robert Frost's poems. Here in Kentucky, where mountain and forest tower in sublime grandeur, we might expect a no less vivid sketching in of nature. But here Mr. Bradley is most sparing; a vivid glimpse here and there, it is true, but never a background that captivates the memory. His eye for nature is weak, compared with Frost's, or compared with Miss Murfree's. Can a reader ever forget the mountains that hung above Lost Creek in Miss Murfree's story? No such atmosphere pervades these Kentucky poems.

The table of contents reveals an alternate arrangement of short ballads and longer narrative poems. The chief interest of the volume is in the latter; yet an occasional ballad seems to have crystallized the whole tragedy of mountain life in the space of a few stanzas. "Will Warner," for its condensed and poignant picture of the feudist's life, deserves to be quoted entire.

Shot in the back, in the courthouse square,
By a dog of a Darrell skulking there,
Will Warner staggered and clutched the air.

Clutched the air, and the world went black
For an age, it seemed, then the light came back,
And, as in a dream, he sought the shack.

Shot in the back, so the spine came through
With the spurting blood, as each foot he drew,
Will Warner was near to his death, he knew.

Near to his death, and his heart grew gray.
Each of his brothers had passed this way.
He had paid *their* score. Who now would pay?

Jeff, as he drank at a creekside spring,
Ned, at the plough, had felt the sting,
Cal, as he rode to his infaring.

But a death for a death the dogs had paid.
Three Darrells low in their graves were laid.
Must the fourth go ever unafraid?

Still as he pondered the unpaid score,
He saw his mother who stood in the door,
As she had stood there thrice before.

Somber and silent, no word she said,
But drew the covers down on the bed
That had held the living and held the dead.

No word she said, but on cat's feet crept
Through the firelit room where her watch she kept
O'er her baby, her least one, who woke and slept.

Woke, then slept but to wake again.
Slept with the weakness, woke with the pain,
And a bee that buzzed and boomed in his brain.

And only once from his lips came a cry.
"Aw, Will, quit that! If ye've got to die,
Die like a Warner!" with flashing eye

Flung his mother. Ere night she had laid him straight,
And all on her shoulders had borne his weight
Up the steep hillside, to the gravehouse gate.

She bore him up and she dug him deep,
And left him alone in the earth to sleep,
Then stumbled back to the shack—to weep.

Not even Mr. Masters could have given more of a family's tragic life in an equal number of lines. The stanza,

No word she said, but on cat's feet crept
Through the firelit room where her watch she kept
O'er her baby, her least one, who woke and slept,

is admirable for its somber power.

Most of the longer poems are characterized or at least relieved by touches of whimsicality or humor. Some are frankly humorous, like "Prince o' Peace" or "Gambols on Gayly"—a humor not without sardonic touches. "Old Christmas" and "A Mountain Faustus" embody odd bits of local superstition. "Saul of the Mountain" is a delightful parallel to the story of the demented King of Israel and the young David. "Lake Erie's Demon Lover," on the other hand, is a thoroughly dark picture of an evil man.

In one or two of these narratives the story structure is none too strong, but in the main they are well told. The form—riming tetrameter couplets—is better suited to the tone and subject matter of these poems than would be the more dignified pentameter blank verse. Here and there the verse form

has mastered the writer, forcing expression into loose wording and unnatural inversions. The author's prefatory defense of his language as never beyond or outside the sphere of mountain talk would not seem to hold good in all cases. Unless I am much mistaken the mountaineer does not speak of "paramours" nor does he, I am glad to say, talk like this :

He sang of love, how it did start
Anew, each spring, in every heart,
And how, above all else, 'tis sweet
For lovers in green groves to meet,
When trees with birds are twittering.

But these cases, it is fair to say, are exceptional rather than typical. The workmanship is on the whole good. Mr. Bradley has worked an interesting field in a creditable manner.

The Historical Farmer in America

A. J. MORRISON

It is a matter of interest to observe how agriculture in America began to find its chronicle and formal organization about the time of the Revolution. As with other forms of American endeavor, a careful study of the literature and documents concerning America produced during the ten or a dozen years before the Revolution, will show that for the farmer also the time had come for a distinct national life. The result could not be thoroughly beneficent at once; the tobacco colonies, certainly, had to suffer. But it is likely the tobacco colonies had reached a very critical period in their political economy, and would have seen heavy changes without any revolution. If Arthur Young could suppose that by colonial independence the loss to England "north of tobacco" was trifling, the apt inference must be that south of Pennsylvania there was need of a revolution of some kind. The colonies were largely farming propositions, so to speak. It was as if the colonists, as tenants, had made improvements and desired to secure these for themselves.

From British and American gazetteers, and an occasional traveler, we get some indication of the general status of the American farmer before the time of George III. Oldmixon in his *British Empire in America* (1708 and 1741) has pages of a certain value, particularly for the South. The *British Settlements* of Dr. Douglass of Scotland and Boston is illuminating for the georgical America of 1750—for example the assertion that "there may be from 7,000 to 8,000 Dutch wagons with four horses each that from time to time bring their produce and traffick to Philadelphia from 10 to 100 miles' distance" (II, 333). Kalm, the philosophical Swede, the sprightly Dr. Burnaby, Edmund Burke (*European Settlements*, 1757) who early knew how to interpret America—from these we learn something at large regarding the colonial farm of the Atlantic slope under the second George. The discipline of that time, if not minutely scientific, was severe, and the day was not yet for much speculation as touching rural affairs.

With the coming of George III, who "would have no innovations," it is almost possible to say that a new age began for British agriculture. The king himself took an interest in the art, and what is more significant, wrote essays on the subject, his pen name in such discussions being "Ralph Robinson." That King George was able to publish his observations on agriculture meant not only that there was a new interest aroused abroad, but that there were new organs of expression. The life of Arthur Young (1741-1820) and that of King George III were very nearly co-terminous. The king desired no changes in his time and saw them in plenty; Young both desired them and saw them. Writing in 1772 Arthur Young remarked: "There is [now] a kind of passion for agriculture, which is even become fashionable; and never was taste more rational. Horses, dogs, and the weather have been the country gentleman's topics of conversation long enough; it was high time they should shew themselves somewhat more rational than the animals they discoursed of. The culture and management of a few fields around their houses is become an object of conversation as well as profit; and to so general a degree, that scarce a visit in the country is made without farming and country improvements finding a considerable share in the conversation: that soil which was formerly beheld only as the footing of a dog and the food of a hunter, is now pregnant with a noble and rational amusement, healthy, cheerful and profitable; of assistance to the poor and beneficial to the state."¹ Young's agricultural tours began publishing in 1768, of use in encouraging to the new taste for a reasoned farming but of little profit to the author, who in the year 1772 was so distressed that he had serious thoughts of going to America. It is not without ground that Sabin attributes to Arthur Young the extraordinary book *American Husbandry*, in two volumes, published in 1775 (London: Printed for J. Bew, in Pater-noster Row), "Containing an Account of the Soil, Climate, Production, and Agriculture of the British Colonies in North America," &c. &c. This work, setting forth the facts clearly for the reader at home, states the case with startling force for the American reader inter-

¹ *Political Essays Concerning the Present State of the British Empire*. London, 1772, p. 156.

ested then in the relations of American agriculture. It is to be wondered how many men in business on the Atlantic slope of North America had read this book before the middle of 1776. Soon after, Mr. Coke of Holkham, who had the means to apply Young's theories and transformed the agriculture of Norfolk, presented an address to George III, at the instance of the county of Norfolk, in behalf of the American Colonies.²

At a distance, of time or space, it is always a pleasant diversion to reflect upon phenomena at the outbreak of any considerable war. It seems strange enough now that a book should have been made for the year 1775 on the subject of agriculture in America, the author throwing out suggestions which found realization in the large this side the Atlantic only after the American states had been independent for about a century. Whoever compiled the *American Husbandry* knew something about America—he speaks of the importance of forest conservation there; he observes that a common sense rotation of crops is little regarded in any of the colonies; and he urges the establishment of experiment stations for a right determination of the facts of American agriculture (Vol. I. p. 275). "It is impossible to know what the merit of the plants indigenous in these colonies is," says Arthur Young, we will say, "unless there was a plantation established at the public expence, under the direction of a skilful botanist, and one perfectly well acquainted with the practice as well as the theory of agriculture." It is understood better now how important it was that such institutions as colonial bishoprics, colonial experiment stations, and other well meant enterprises were not fixed by establishment in British America before the last quarter of the eighteenth century. The point and stern argument of the time was as to who should control all these things thereafter, but it is very plain that if there had been no break, there would have been in several directions a beautiful placid development to rather imposing ends. Alas, it is not a beautiful and placid development in rural or other affairs that the world can have, by the constitution as known.

² Mr. Coke, of Holkham, "one of the most eminent benefactors of the human race"—See Ruffin's *Farmer's Register*, II, 142; and *Dict. of Nat. Biography*. Mr. Coke came into his estate in 1776, beginning his vast improvements almost at once.

The American farmer cut loose from the good old system of "commons, tithes, tenantry, and taxes." We note with interest the beginning and prosecution of the classic correspondence of Washington with Arthur Young and others on topics of American agriculture. Strictly speaking, the Historical American Farmer appears with Washington at the close of the Revolution. Washington wrote to Young from Mount Vernon, August 6, 1786—"I have had the honor to receive your letter of the seventh of January from Bradfield-Hall in Suffolk, and thank you for the favor of opening a correspondence, the advantages of which will be so much in my favor. Agriculture has ever been amongst the most favourite amusements of my life, though I never possessed much skill in the art; and nine years total inattention to it has added nothing to a knowledge which is best understood from practice; but with the means you have been so obliging as to furnish me, I shall return to it (though rather late in the day) with hope and confidence." A year later Washington wrote, with respect to Young's *Annals* (commenced publishing in 1784)—"there are several (among which I may class myself) who are endeavoring to get into your regular and systematic course of cropping as fast as the nature of the business will admit; so that I hope in the course of a few years we shall make a more respectable figure as farmers."³ At any rate, the agricultural press was now affecting America: the region was not so independent after all, indeed had no desire to be. How many subscribers had Young's *Annals* in America before 1789? Perhaps a good many, and it may not be chance that the agricultural societies of Philadelphia, and Charleston, in South Carolina, were established the year after Young's *Annals* began appearing. But as Washington said, the country must walk as other countries had before it could run: "It will be some time, I fear, before an agricultural society with Congressional aids will be established in this country. Smaller societies must prepare the way for greater, but with the lights before us. I hope we shall not be so long in maturation as older nations have been."⁴

³ Letters from His Excellency George Washington to Arthur Young, Esq., F. R. S., and Sir John Sinclair, Bart., M. P., containing an account of his husbandry with his opinions, on various questions in agriculture and many particulars of the rural economy of the United States. Alexandria, 1803, p. 6, p. 12.

⁴ *Ib.*, p. 116.

With the founding of the agricultural societies well under way by the year 1800, the history of the individual as American farmer grows necessarily clearer. The proceedings of those societies began to be matter of publication shortly after 1789, and if the active members were not always practiced husbandmen, the journals of their sittings could not fail to place on record the names and the endeavors of lesser and greater farmers,—notably of New York, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Virginia, Maryland, and South Carolina. Before the organization of societies for the furtherance of American agriculture, personages of farming in our midst, as it were, are to be traced chiefly through the descriptions left by certain travelers in America during the quarter century after 1769, which is not saying that this source of information stops then. Crèvecoeur of the "Farmer's Letters," John F. D. Smyth, the Marquis of Chastellux, Dr. Johann Schoepf, the Count Castiglioni, Patrick Campbell, Dr. Cooper, Wansey, Dietrich von Bülow—these all bestowed attention more or less judicious upon farmers and farming in America from the year 1769 to the year 1796; and before General Washington died, Volney, the Duke of La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, and Richard Parkinson had formed their opinions, the Duke's and Parkinson's being invaluable. Observers like these regarded the American farmer not always with a friendly eye. They judged him by standards to which he could hardly adapt himself so early, standards with which he was at times familiar enough and cared not fondly for. However, it is plain from the testimony of the late eighteenth century traveler in America, that where the European settler was willing to be thoroughly European. (for example in the South German colony of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania) the result agriculturally was in a high degree efficient. Those Americans coming from the region of Hohenheim knew how to stock the land, and manage its tillage with the help of grass. But Wansey, in his *Journal of an Excursion to the United States of North America in the Summer of 1794*, said at the end, "of all the states through which I have travelled (south to the Federal City) I prefer as an Englishman Connecticut." He found meadows there as well, and an industry and manner of life that pleased him.

It must be allowed that the farmer in America had his own special task. He could gain ideas from literature and wayfarers out of Europe, but he could not make his new lands to blossom quite after the conventional manner of Europe, which had itself emerged. The American farmer had the seventeenth century behind him, and what that time was in a farming way, up and down the Atlantic coast, none can ever know except very meagrely. Come the eighteenth century and the sure planting of Pennsylvania and the Carolinas, the factors in the case were almost as difficult as before, although the management of grass and cattle were better understood. The world had to move, and somewhat together. It was impossible for the American farmer often to hit upon brand new methods, because it was farming he was engaged upon; but it was possible for him to discover by failure and success how he could "get along" in America. General Washington said to Young that considering all the deductions which were to be made from the British farmer's gross revenues, he thought the Americans were doing pretty well. Deane, in the preface to his *Georgical Dictionary or New England Farmer* (1790) says, to similiar purpose, "Though English writers may be perused by the judicious to good advantage, it would be unadvisable, and perhaps ruinous, for our farmers to adopt the methods of culture in gross, which they recommend to their countrymen. Local circumstances so widely differ in the two countries that in many cases, the right management in one must needs be wrong in the other. . . . And though Americans speak the English language, yet the diction peculiar to farmers on the east and west of the Atlantic, and the manner of their communicating their ideas on husbandry, are so little alike, as to render it highly expedient that we should be instructed in it by our countrymen, rather than by strangers, if any among us be capable of doing it in a tolerable degree."

This wisdom of Dr. Deane saw the light in 1790. Early in the following year the New York Society for the Promotion of Agriculture was established, publishing its first volume of transactions in 1792. The Massachusetts Society began publishing in 1797; the Connecticut shortly after 1800. The Phil-

adelphia Society languished, but was thoroughly revived in 1804—its earlier transactions had been communicated to the Philadelphia press from time to time—"the society published numerous communications from practical men in the newspapers of the day; and thereby contributed to diffuse the knowledge of many improvements in agriculture, the general adoption whereof has visibly tended to increase the product and to improve the qualities of the soil of Pennsylvania."⁵ The Atlantic slope farmer was afforded organs by the end of the old century. Writing of this period, from the Revolution to 1800, Dr. Lee, of Georgia, said in 1852, "A well filled volume of a thousand pages might be compiled from contributions to the agricultural literature of the United States in the eighteenth century, showing that the farmers of the Revolution, their fathers and grandfathers, were in no respect the inferiors of men of their class in any other nation;" and further, "we do not hesitate to express our belief that agricultural sciences are less cultivated now than they were thirty years ago."⁶ It is not for us to prove the grounds of Dr. Lee's encomium of the ancients or of his disparagement of the moderns, but what he says is of interest as coming from an extremely well informed man, much nearer to the origins than ourselves. Such origins engage our fancies, for we imagine with difficulty a time when the farmer, or any other citizen, could not find admittance now and then to his trade journal or some public print.

The American farmer, having been advanced from his inarticulate colonial status into the period of his occasional record spread upon the Transactions of his few promotive societies, certain things remained to do, besides the fulfillment of what obligation there was to take up more and more new land ever west. In the first place, there was instruction to be provided by the home journal, reaching a wider public than that reached by the Proceedings of Societies or such institutions as the Arlington Sheep Shearings, and the Columbian

⁵ *Memoirs of the Philadelphia Society for Promoting Agriculture*. Philadelphia, 1808. Vol. I, p. 1. This volume, of more than 500 pages 8 vo., contains some fifty signed articles, representing the states of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, and Virginia.

⁶ See *American Agricultural Literature*, By Daniel Lee, M. D., in *Report of the Commissioner of Patents for the year 1852*, Part II, p. 20.

Agricultural Society of 1809-12.⁷ It is likely the home journal, (enabling more farmers to talk at long distance, to make history for themselves and others), would have come earlier but for the war of 1812, although it may be said that if a further independence had not been established by that war, there might have been a further reliance upon commentary from abroad. The war over, for whatever reason there was undoubtedly in America a rush to the Natural Sciences. Amos Eaton, the geologist, found at Williams College in 1817 that "an uncontrollable enthusiasm for natural history took possession of every mind, and other departments of learning were for a time crowded out of the college." The next year Governor DeWitt Clinton invited Eaton to Albany to deliver before the members of the state legislature a course of lectures on natural history.⁸ At that time there was, it seems, a traceable connection between geology, politics, and agriculture. Agriculture, as the basis of our history, has always been in politics. But it is curious to note the parallel between the standardization of geology and of agriculture, in America. Silliman commenced his *Journal* in 1819 ("more especially of geology, mineralogy . . . including also agriculture.") and John Skinner his *American Farmer*. The first, Maclurean, era of American geology, beginning in 1785, is ended with 1819. We may assign a new era in American agriculture with the appearance of John Skinner's bi-weekly magazine at Baltimore, price \$4 per annum. The editor himself, in his inaugural address to the public, of April 2, 1819, makes no such claim, but who that ever started a new era made the claim? The nomenclature of chronology must often be fixed long afterwards, and the name of course really matters little. What is meant in this case is that the time of agricultural journalism in America had begun. It would not be long before farm papers were established that are still publishing.

The editorial personages of the early farm journal in America are of much interest to us. There was literature among

⁷ Ben Perley Poore has given a good description of these Columbian shows. See his *History of the Agriculture of the United States*, in Report of the Department of Agriculture, 1866. Pp. 517-520.

⁸ See Merrill, *Contributions to the History of American Geology*. Washington, 1904, p. 234, (Report U. S. National Museum).

them, and there is greatly more literature in the files of their periodicals than is commonly divined. John Skinner,—the dean,—soldier, postmaster, turf expert, political economist in the best sense—Thomas A. Fessenden, the "Minute Philosopher" [*New England Farmer*, 1823]—Edmund Ruffin, perhaps the most learned of all the early editors [*Farmer's Register*, 1833, Virginia]—Judge Buel, of the *Cultivator*, [of Albany, 1834], the lives and works of these men are worth a careful study, they being notable organizers of our society. If we attach importance to our agricultural colleges, how great should we consider those who saw the necessity of a propaganda long ago? We must at least follow with some enthusiasm the work of men who saw to it, whether for gain or the public good, that a vehicle was supplied for opinion on agriculture in America. The mass of this opinion is now great, and it can hardly be that in any other field of our endeavor there is so much wisdom recorded under the names of so many persons, genuinely citizens of our great republic from its founding.

Edward Everett Hale

EDWIN W. BOWEN

Professor in Randolph-Macon College

Edward Everett Hale* was born of a good old New England family, in Boston, 3 April, 1818, uniting in himself the generous qualities of heart and head of both branches of his family—the Hales and the Everetts. In his book "A New England Boyhood," he recorded several accounts of his early years and described various incidents and experiences of his in Boston, then a representative New England town. In the first schools he attended young Hale did not exhibit any special aptitude for study, but he did later, both in the fitting school and in college. He tells us that he received excellent training in declamation, although the subject itself was utterly distasteful to him in practice. It was from this training that he learned not to be afraid of an audience, but to be at his ease and graceful on the platform and to take keen pleasure in public speaking.

Nathan Hale, the father of Edward Everett Hale, was editor of the *Daily Advertiser*, of Boston, and owned the entire printing plant, engaging all the printers and printing his own newspaper. This business quite naturally developed into the establishment of a book office. All of Nathan Hale's sons came gradually to learn the various phases of the printing business. The boys even edited and published a small news sheet of their own, and the earliest recorded verse of Edward Everett Hale was an "Address of the Carriers of the Public Informer to their Patrons," bearing the date of 1 January, 1835.

Edward Everett Hale entered Harvard College at the early age of thirteen. His brother Nathan, to whom he was devoted, had entered the year before at the age of fifteen, and the two brothers roomed together. In college Edward Everett Hale formed a warm and abiding attachment to Samuel Longfellow and George Hayward. From his college diary it is evident that young Hale did not enter with delight and zest into college

* *Life and Letters of Edward Everett Hale*. By Edward E. Hale, Jr. Little, Brown & Company, Boston, 1917.

life. On the contrary, he informs us that he was discontented and was always counting the weeks till vacation, and that the first four weeks of a term usually seemed to him interminable. Still, for all that, he made good use of his opportunities, winning several prizes and standing among the first eight in the Phi Beta Kappa, and graduated second in his class,—the class of '39. Obviously he ranked among the most efficient members of his class. In the "Life and Letters of Edward Everett Hale" we read that he kept up his classics and modern languages all through his life and improved that facility in writing which he acquired in his college days; and, what is of greater importance still, that he developed under the teaching of his college life that self-reliance and independence which proved a marked element of his character.

Upon his graduation young Hale determined to enter the ministry as the profession of his choice, largely out of deference to his mother's desire. Accordingly, for the next three years he planned to live at home and to study theology privately, in the meantime supporting himself by reporting for the *Advertiser*. He preferred this method of studying theology rather than to enter the divinity school at Cambridge. During his vacations he travelled a great deal and thus came to know New England intimately. Those days were times of great moral and intellectual movements. Emerson was preaching his favorite doctrine of Transcendentalism, and social life was in a state of fermentation. Goethe and Carlyle, too, were then names to conjure with. Yet Hale was not carried off his feet by any of these currents that swept over New England, nor did he throw himself with eagerness or abandon into the flood. He heard Emerson deliver his famous Phi Beta Kappa address on the "American Scholar" and indicated his conservatism by his frank comment, "Not very good, but very transcendental." After listening to Emerson's equally famous Divinity address, Hale remarked simply as indicating his independence as well as his conservatism, "I did not like it at all." Hale did not subscribe to abolition and declined to lend his endorsement fully to the anti-slavery movement. Yet he did endorse the conservative Whig ideas of Webster and Everett. Hale believed that his vocation of the ministry

indicated for himself at least a life, somewhat aloof, of literary occupation and social enjoyment, but at the same time a life of service and helpfulness.

After having preached for several years in various places Hale was ordained as minister of the Church of the Unity, at Worcester, Massachusetts, in 1845,—a pastorate he was destined to retain for the next decade. For the first quinquennium of his pastorate he devoted himself almost solely to his ministerial work, living in the home of Mr. Moses Phillips. Among his intimate friends in Worcester the most prominent were George F. Hoar and Frederick Greenleaf (the original of Harry Wadsworth in "Ten Times One is Ten"). During the last five years of Hale's pastorate at Worcester his work broadened and deepened and refused to be limited by the borders of his immediate charge. He became interested in the work of the New England Emigrant Aid Company whose aim and object was to settle Kansas and Nebraska with people opposed to slavery. He even wrote a book on the subject, "Kansas and Nebraska," to spread the influence of the Emigrant Aid Society. This book contains a history of the regions which formed these two states and their relation to the rest of the United States. This book contains, also, an interesting account of the travels of Lewis and Clarke, of Pike and of Long, of the Sioux Indians, and is permeated with the romance of the frontier. But of course the book shows little or no original investigation, being a mere compilation from the records of Irving, Fremont, Parkman and others, who had previously covered the ground by their research. Yet by reason of its intense feeling it proved a very readable book and was warmly received.

Hale came quite naturally by his interest in literature and was, so to say, born into a literary atmosphere. On the spear as well as on the spindle side of his house his forebears were of fine literary sense and well educated, so that Edward Everett Hale was steeped in literature from his birth. Yet with this all-pervading literary atmosphere in which he was nurtured this promising young writer did not produce anything of really artistic quality, strange to relate, till he was thirty-seven years old. Among his first stories is the "Tale

of a Salamander" which appeared first in the *Boston Miscellany*; and to this same periodical he afterward contributed another story, "Love by the Way." Both of these early short stories are of the type commonly called the surprise story, or hoax, like Thomas Bailey Aldrich's delightful short story "Marjorie Daw", or like scores of O. Henry's. In "Love by the Way" the surprise or hoax consists in a man's making love all day long in a stage coach to an attractive young girl, only to learn to his intense chagrin and discomfiture at the end of the journey that the winsome young lady was both deaf and dumb. Another early story that may be mentioned is the "South American Editor." In 1848 Hale edited a book of the nature of a compilation which he entitled "The Rosary of Illustrations of the Bible"; and somewhat later he and his sister Lucretia wrote and published a volume, as he described it, partly a novel and partly a sermon, under the title "Margaret Percival in America."

In 1856 Edward Everett Hale resigned the pastorate of his church in Worcester to accept a call to the South Congregational Church in Boston. His chief reason for this step was that the South Congregational Church was an active and vigorous church in a large and important city and consequently offered a broader field for his efforts and for the special work he had already come to regard as his own. Yet he was loth to leave his Worcester charge and did so very reluctantly. He carried a plenty of enthusiasm to his new field of labor and the young men and women who made up the greater part of the South Congregational Church caught something of the contagious enthusiasm of their in-coming pastor. This charge was destined to be the scene of his labors for many years to come and in fact proved to be his last pastorate. But Doctor Hale did not confine his activities to the boundaries of his own parish. He had a much broader conception of his mission as a minister and he communicated his infectious spirit to his entire congregation, who soon came to regard the lay members and the pastor alike as co-workers together with God.

In 1859 an unexpected opportunity was offered Doctor Hale to make his first trip to Europe and he gladly availed himself of it, sailing on short notice for a three months' grand

tour of the Continent. Landing at Liverpool after his maiden voyage he visited the British Isles, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland and Italy, returning by sea to Marseilles and thence by Paris and London to Queenstown where he embarked for America. He wrote with all the freshness of a discoverer a series of letters of travel, some to his family and some for the press, which he later issued in book form under the engaging title "Ninety Days' Worth of Europe". Upon his return from his European vacation he plunged into an unusually busy life.

Doctor Hale took up his active work with a new programme.

This programme included the following resolutions: "1. To give more care to my work and to write sermons of permanent value. 2. To cut loose from the *Examiner* and all other avocations. 3. To devote myself exclusively to my parish and refuse all other duties." He endeavored to carry these guiding rules of conduct into execution. But the outbreak of the Civil War rendered it impracticable for him to live up to his resolutions, for his enthusiasm and interest in war work naturally led him into labors outside the pale of his parish. The years of the war were of course times of intense feeling, and no one probably entered more deeply into the spirit of those days than did Doctor Hale.

For a considerable time before the war Doctor Hale had entertained rather vague plans and ideas looking toward a literary career,—an ambition he had cherished ever since his college days at Harvard. It remained for the Civil War to bring all of these vague notions to a focus, and they then assumed a definite expression and a concrete form. As has been said, before the war Doctor Hale had begun to write and had published several short stories as well as other forms of prose. As early as 1859 he contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly* his excellent short story "My Double and How He Undid Me." The author himself evidently liked this story because he always used to mention it with pleasure. Furthermore, he adopted this type of story for most of his successful work in fiction later. The plan of this story is as follows: An overworked minister had a hired man who looked so much like him that the minister gladly availed himself of the resemblance to send

the hired man to represent him on all merely formal functions. One day, however, the hired man's identity was finally revealed, much to his own discomfiture and to the minister's embarrassment. Thus the minister's double finally undid him, and his presence at formal functions ceased ever after to be represented by proxy. The conception of the story appears obvious enough; and yet the plan was impracticable, treated as an ordinary fact of experience. But the author invests the story with an atmosphere of fact—a *vraisemblance*—that inspires confidence and allays all suspicion. In this style of short story which seemed to make a strong appeal to our author, an impossible situation is dealt with in a perfectly matter of fact manner; and the impression upon the reader is usually convincing. This type of short story, it is to be observed, however, was not original with Doctor Hale. It was practiced by Poe and his disciple, Fitz James O'Brien, whose "Diamond Lens" may be cited as a striking example. Of course Poe and his followers felt constrained to introduce the Gothic element of horror, as a rule, in order to heighten the weird and grotesque effect. But in general, stories of this sort without the Gothic element enjoyed quite a vogue during the middle of the last century and were deservedly popular.

It is manifest, then, that Doctor Hale was recognized as a writer in request when the Civil War broke out. The war, however, served to enhance his reputation as a writer, for it was during those dark days that he wrote and published in the *Atlantic Monthly* "The Man Without a Country", generally conceded his finest and most popular short story. If, as some critics have pointed out, "My Double and How He Undid Me" asserts the rights of the individual, assuredly "The Man Without a Country" sets forth the claims of society as the paramount necessity. The underlying basis of this latter story had been used before by its author in "The Children of the Public" which exhibits a more definite treatment of this same thesis. But that story did not make the universal appeal Doctor Hale desired. So he studied out another plot for a story and the time of the appearance of this story conspired to make it an immediate and phenomenal success. For "The Man Without a Country" had its incep-

tion in the days of the Civil War and was designed to teach the imperative demand of society that a man should have a country and all that the notion of patriotism imports. The effect of "The Man Without a Country" upon the North, at the time of its first publication when recruits were coming forward and rallying to the colors quite slowly, was thrilling; for the story electrified the young men of the land and sent them by the thousand into the army to the defense of their country. Men did not stop to inquire about the assumed facts of the story, nor did they understand the motive that called the story into being, but accepted the story at its face value, believing it to be a true narrative of history. The author's motive in writing this marvelous story, as he informed the public years after, was to make his own "contribution, however humble, towards the formation of a just and true national sentiment, a sentiment of love to the nation." The public, to be sure, did not recognize at the time that the story was an extravaganza presented in a most simple and realistic manner, and written with a most practical aim in view. As has been remarked, the story does not set forth the true history of its hero, Philip Nolan, who had gone to Texas and really been shot by the Spaniards. With the matter of the veracity of the narrative the public was, apparently, not concerned; it was concerned with the impression produced, which was not of fiction, but of actual fact. "The Man Without a Country" was forged in the fire of the Civil War, and its appeal was instant and universal. It is an excellent piece of fiction and deservedly ranks as one of the best of our American short stories. Doctor Hale himself was of course very much gratified at the cordial reception of the story as mere literature, for it served to place him among our foremost short story writers. He afterwards included it in his volume of stories to which he gave the odd title "If, Yes, and Perhaps."

Besides his interest in fiction Doctor Hale developed into a diligent student of history. He usually had on hand some sort of historical work. He had shown, even during his college days, a decided penchant to history; and he sometimes thought that he was meant to be a student of history rather than anything else. He wrote a number of papers of a his-

torical character, from time to time, for the *North American Review* and other journals and published such studies as his "Life of James Freeman Clarke", etc. Yet, for all that, circumstances did not permit him to follow the historical bent of his genius and devote himself, like Parkman and Motley, to some great historical investigation requiring years to complete.

The Civil War marked a turning point, an epoch, in the life of Edward Everett Hale. He could never after that event content himself with his simple parish life. At the close of the war he was at the meridian of life, full of ideas and plans for public service, a recognized leader in and out of his own denomination, and a prominent man of letters who enjoyed an established reputation. It was along these lines which he called the larger life that he advanced and developed after the war. In reference to the work of reconstruction and repairing the destruction wrought by the war he liked to employ the phrase "the new civilization." His humanitarian activities now found expression in literature as well as in social welfare work. In his creative fiction written during this period may be mentioned, in addition to the stories already named, "The Skeleton in the Closet." These short stories are all of the same general type of extravaganza combining romance and reality, or in the phrase of the day, "the romance of real life." He had a prolific as well as a facile pen, and besides "The Rosary" and "Margaret Percival in America" he issued a new collection of stories under the title "In His Name" which he subsequently regarded as the best book he ever wrote. In a series of papers "How to Do It" it is interesting to observe the following suggestions "How to Write": 1. Know what you want to say. 2. Say it. 3. Use your own language (the language you are accustomed to use in daily life). 4. Leave out all the fine phrases. 5. A short word (other things being equal) is better than a long one. 6. The fewer words the better. It was these rules which he endeavored to illustrate and to practice in his own writings.

In 1870 Doctor Hale published a very noteworthy story, viz.: "Ten Times One is Ten." In a way this is a more characteristic piece of fiction than his "The Man Without a Coun-

try", or "In His Name", in that it conveys to the world the author's most expressive message as a writer. He informed us later that he had carried the plan of this story in his mind for fifteen to twenty years. This story was designed to show how millions of individuals may be organized to work together for good, and it soon found concrete expression in the "Lend a Hand" movement which, under Doctor Hale's guidance, acquired a world-wide influence. The hero of the story is Harry Wadsworth and the story opens on the day of his funeral,—a man of frail body, but strong soul; gentle as a woman, but brave as a lion. A few of his friends—ten in all—are represented as relating on the funeral train some act of kind or noble service their deceased friend had done in various places in which he had been during his life; and the ten friends agreed to form a club to carry on the beneficent influence of that pure, honest, manly and helpful life. Before leaving the train for their respective homes all of the ten men agreed to write to one of their number, Colonel Ingham, reporting something that brought Harry to mind, or recalling something that would have pleased him. In the course of three years every one of the ten had written, according to agreement, detailing some deed of love and kindness. Thus the salutary and beneficent influence of the hero is multiplied and perpetuated in service to mankind. Thus, also, one good life is shown to inspire many others till the whole wide, wide world is at last converted to the religion of faith, hope and charity. Incidentally the stimulating and inspiring mottoes of the "Lend a Hand" clubs which grew out of this story are worth noting. They are formulated thus: 1. Look up and not down. 2. Look forward and not back. 3. Look out and not in. 4. Lend a hand.

In 1873 Doctor Hale made his second trip to Europe. Upon his return home he published what he considered his chief literary success—"In His Name". By his chief literary success he meant the story which accomplished most nearly the specific aim he had in mind in its composition. He did not mean that this story was more highly esteemed than "The Man Without a Country"; nor did he intend to maintain that it had a more far-reaching practical result than "Ten Times

One is Ten." It will be recalled that "The Man Without a Country," which was called forth by the Civil War and which was written primarily to influence the election of 1863, did not, so we are told, quite attain to the author's purpose concerning it. Its ulterior purpose was overlooked in its ostensible object of challenging admiration as a very clever short story merely. "In His Name", however, was not only recognized as a clever short story, but it also inculcated a deep spiritual truth. It was for these two reasons, probably, that Doctor Hale felt always that this story was the piece of his fiction above all others that he liked best.

During the decade 1870-1880 Doctor Hale's pen was ever active, writing not only sermons, addresses and historical studies, but also many short stories and novels. Some of these like "Back to Back" were expressive of a social idea—a problem story. Others were written with no other aim in view than to amuse and entertain his increasing circle of readers. In 1877 he published in *Harper's* a series on "Ideals", the material of which was furnished for the most part from his own experiences. Most of these sketches were of the nature of reminiscences. Two years before the appearance of his "Ideals" he had published his charming story, "The Modern Psyche." Some of the stories he wrote during this decade were mere fancies, humorous and whimsical, like "Susan's Escort" and "Robinson Crusoe in New York." Some again were in reality veiled records from his own experience presented in a humorous setting of realism, while others still were the product of his own creative faculty and were written with a definite aim and purpose. His story, "Philip Nolan's Friends," it is interesting to observe in passing, appeared with illustrations by the artist Abbey in *Scribner's Monthly*. It need hardly be remarked that this story is of the nature of an aftermath from "The Man Without a Country" and forms a kind of sequel to it.

Mention has already been made of Doctor Hale's historical writings. In the late seventies he wrote quite a number of chapters of the "History of the United States." This was a work projected some years before by William Cullen Bryant, but he did not live to contribute many chapters to it himself.

Doctor Hale's contribution was the part dealing particularly with the Southwest and Pacific coast. Doctor Hale was also a contributor to Winsor's "Narrative and Critical History of America", another work which was planned on the coöperative basis. Doctor Hale cherished the laudable ambition of writing as his *magnum opus* the "History of the Pacific Ocean and its Shores," but this project ever remained only a dream of his busy life. Much of his time was occupied in editing *Old and New*, in business, and in travel. Consequently he was unable to carry into execution all of his literary plans. In his latter days he found time, however, to write the entertaining narrative "A New England Boyhood," and his biography, "James Russell Lowell and His Friends." Both of these are in a reminiscential vein. "A New England Boyhood" unfortunately breaks off at the end of its author's college life.

In the evening of his life Doctor Hale wrote these significant words to a friend, indicating his point of view: "I have written twenty-five books, but I am not an author; I am a parish minister. I don't care a snap for the difference between Balzac and Daudet. That is not important in life. I do care about the differences between the classes of men who migrate to this country." About the same time he gave poetic expression to his feelings in the beautiful lines "School's Done." Though far advanced in years he continued his ceaseless activities with pen and tongue, writing for various periodicals, such as the *Christian Register*, the *Woman's Home Companion*, and the *Outlook*. He liked the opportunity these periodicals afforded him of multiplying his audience. It was in the *Outlook* that he published his notable "Memories of a Hundred Years," which was a kind of history of the United States in the nineteenth century written from a personal point of view. About the beginning of the present century he collected a standard edition of his writings. In December, 1903, he was elected chaplain of the United States Senate. Eternal peace came to his ever active mind, 10 June, 1909, in his eighty-eighth year.

A review of his achievement as a man of letters shows beyond any question that Edward Everett Hale contributed in a variety of ways to the broadening and enrichment of our American literature. But perhaps it will be generally con-

ceded that his most original and permanent contribution was in the domain of fiction, specifically the short story. He practiced this *genre* especially and seems to have been jealous of his reputation as a short story writer. Certainly he stands out as a prominent figure in this field and his achievement in this special form of fiction is of a character, both in respect to volume and quality, to place him among the foremost of the practitioners of this *genre* in American literature. His output was far from being equal to O. Henry's, whom many critics claim to be our premier short story writer; but he left to his credit some short stories no whit inferior to O. Henry's best work. His "The Man Without a Country", by the verdict of many competent critics, stands unsurpassed, both in respect of merit and popularity. This one excellent short story, had he written no others, would be sufficient to keep his name alive and his memory green in American literature. But this is far from measuring his achievement as a man of letters.

Joel Chandler Harris: The Prose Poet of the South

H. E. HARMAN

Author of "Idle Dreams of an Idle Day"

Born a poet, though choosing to give expression to his overflowing soul through the medium of prose, aptly outlines the place which Joel Chandler Harris holds in the world of letters.

Through all of his writing runs a golden thread of poetry. This cannot be disguised, even in the most desultory conversation of his minor characters; while in many descriptive passages and in climaxes of human experience, poems of the highest inspiration brighten page after page with their mellow glow.

But for this poetic instinct, this inherent tendency to idealize the common things of life, I doubt if the wonderful work of Mr. Harris would ever have reached the high place in literature which it holds today.

As a story teller he had few equals, but his material was crude and the dialect difficult and practically unknown, outside of the South. But when he wove into these stories of negro lore and the crude life of the swamp and the field a thread of poetic inspiration, his pages took on a new lustre. There came up before the reader ideals of beauty which did not seem to belong to the lowly surroundings where the simple plot was laid. The dim fireside of the negro cabin became something different from the original; upon the dusky face of the old slave a new light shone, and down through the sedge-covered field and up the rough hillside of pines and dogwood, there spread a halo of romance, which the reader had never seen or dreamed of before.

In one of his stories of farm life in Georgia, Mr. Harris tells of a wealthy planter who wanted a few acres of original woodland cleared near a village in which he lived. Labor was scarce, but he finally induced a thriftless fellow in the village to do the work—a man who had always been honest, but a kind of dreamer and "ne'er do well."

After a few days the man came to his employer and frankly

confessed that he could not do the work, although he needed the money. Pressed for a reason he said that the first tree he started to cut down was hollow and occupied by two squirrels, who made violent complaint at the destruction of their house. The next was the home of a chipmunk, with a large family; and the third was occupied by at least four pairs of jay-birds. "That piece of woodland is a peopled city, throbbing with life, busy from morning until night. It contains their homes and families, they have built and lived there for years and I have not the heart to destroy what belongs to these helpless creatures." And out of that incident, simple but impressive as it was, Mr. Harris drew inspiration for one of the most graphic pictures in all literature.

Along in 1902 or 1903 I was spending the summer at the Sweetwater Park Hotel, Lithia Springs, Ga., and by appointment Mr. Harris and James Whitcomb Riley spent two weeks there together. I was with them much of the time and can never forget the royal fellowship which existed between these two masters of literature. Riley came down from Indiana chock full of stories and Uncle Joe had one in reply for each the Hoosier poet would tell. For two weeks these rare characters loafed about the broad verandas of the hotel, rarely ever being separated and only occasionally having with them a few select friends as guests of their story telling bees. Riley would tell one of his best ones and hold his sides in laughter as he watched the effect of the story on Uncle Remus. Then "Uncle Joe," as we all called him in those golden days when he was in his prime, would bat his eye a few times, the lips would curl in a suppressed laugh, and he would put over at Riley a story which would make a stoic laugh.

In all my experience I never saw such comradeship between two men. Each seemed absolutely happy in the company of the other. When the short vacation was over and we were coming back to Atlanta to take up the grind again, Mr. Harris told me that the two weeks with Riley would stand out in all the coming years as the happiest he had ever known. One wrote his stories in verse and the other in prose, but both men were poets, full statured, and their place in the world of literary fame is safe and can never be lost.

At that time both men were perhaps at their best, both following literature as a profession; and widely different as they were, in many respects, they were as one when it came to real good fellowship. That devoted friendship kept up as long as the two celebrities lived.

Some years afterwards I met Riley in Miami, Florida, where he spent the last winters of his life, and in discussing the literary work of Mr. Harris he said: "The creator of Uncle Remus is a poet of the highest order. Even his most desultory pages are inspired, while in certain climaxes he reaches the highest form of poetic sentiment. I have often told him this but he resents being called a poet and will hardly admit that he is a good story teller. In all of your southern literature, which burns with the intenseness of the fervor of your climate, no writer has yet arisen whose work will live longer or more tenderly in the hearts of your people."

On the occasion when President Roosevelt and Mr. Carnegie came to Atlanta to pay homage to Mr. Harris, "Uncle Joe" passed through one of the most trying ordeals in all his life. His timidity and a dislike for ostentation made that day one fraught with much anxiety for the dean of "Wren's Nest." But when the President made his celebrated speech at the Piedmont Driving Club and pointed to the blushing creator of The Uncle Remus Stories as one of the greatest authors of this country, a scene was enacted which has no parallel in the literary history of America. Uncle Remus simply got into the procession and could not get out, but the occasion will go down in our literary history as one of rare interest.

In the later years of his life he had a habit of going to the old post office on Marietta Street each morning for his mail. Often we met in that famous old building, and the philosophy of the man was often expressed in his morning greeting. "There is a new type of gold in the sunlight today"—or "the April rain of this morning will awaken many drowsy daffodils"—were among the many expressions he used in those blessed days of his prime. Keen eyed, he sensed some new wonder in nature every morning, and applied it so as to make the day happier. One frosty October morning he remarked:

"This starts Mr. Possum for the persimmon tree and for the wild grapes along the river bank."

Joel Chandler Harris brought into his stories a type of animal life descriptions of which had been attempted before, but without success. Having spent his early days on a farm in South Georgia, he learned from first hand the habits of Brer Fox, Rabbitt, Possum and others; about these lonely and hunted creatures he has woven characteristics both poetic and beautiful. They live and act as human; the master shows us the secret of their souls and forever hereafter these dumb animals will possess a personality which no other writer could have given them. About their lowly and simple existence there hangs a weird charm, full of romantic adventure.

But after all it is his intimate knowledge of the old time negro life and his delineation of the negro character in which the master excels and upon which his reputation will stand. Fortunately he lived through a period which took in the old and the new—the *ante bellum* days and the years of reform which followed the war. This gave him a broad sweep of vision and he saw and understood the negro of the South, both the old and the new, as perhaps no other writer ever did.

His treatment of the old time negro developed all that was best in Mr. Harris as a writer. Here was a character somewhat new in the world of romance. Here was a character he knew and understood and a character he loved, because of fine traits which had never been described. He looked back to the war period and saw the faithfulness of the trusted darky, taking care of his master's home and family while the master was away in the thickest of the fight. Such a character had rarely, if ever, been known in the annals of history. His faithfulness deserved recognition and about the whitened head of the old slave our "Uncle Joe" wove a halo of fame and glory which will never depart from the memory of those our people loved so well.

With this simple character Mr. Harris played and drew from the negro's strange philosophy some of the most charming incidents in all his books. The superstition of "Uncle Remus" worked like a charm with the weird theories of his dumb animal characters. For instance, in the good natured

story of "Why Brer Possum Loves Peace," we learn, "I don't mind fightin' no mo dan you doz, sez'ee, but I declar' if I kin stan' ticklin. And down ter dis day," continued Uncle Remus, "down ter dis day, Brer Possum's boun' ter s'render, when you tech him in de short ribs."

In all of these stories, dealing with the life of the lowly, there is mixed the indefinable charm of the country, of nature, nature's melodies and her secrets. The master knows the note of every song bird, the prophecy of every breeze that blows, the far-away glory of the summer clouds, the secrets of migrating fowls and birds; he paints with consummate artistry a Georgia landscape, the wonder and mystery of night when the moon hangs full over harvest fields; he knows the secret of frost, the mysteries of the swamp with its evergreen trees and vines, the hedgerows of briars and sumac and a thousand other wonders which belong to the limitless world of nature. To one who has lived in the country his pictures are true in every detail, and the master never fails to show you the poetic rainbow of promise that hangs about the most commonplace things. That is the highest of all art and that is the field in which the creator of Uncle Remus has achieved the most.

A vast amount of fine work done by Mr. Harris has never appeared in book-form. The old files of the *Atlanta Constitution*, upon which he worked for years, contain much of his best work, done when he was in his prime. His editorials were masterpieces of literary craftsmanship, just as were those of the lamented Henry Grady, and they burned with a fierce wish for healing the wounds between the North and the South.

But even considering this loss to the reading world, Mr. Harris left enough that was fine, enough that glowed with inspirational fire and enough that was in the highest sense poetic to make his place safe in the hall of literary worthies. He wrote of the lowly negro life, the silent animal life, of the half ruined fields and homes of his beloved South and lo! whatever he touched took on a glow of artistic beauty. The old briar patch, the half used road, the cabin in the woods, and the inhabitants of these, changed from the commonplace to the poetic under the touch of this wizard's pen. When he

told of the moonlight, the moonlight took on a new beauty. His description of a bird's song in the night gave to it a celestial melody, the story of the superstitious old negro held you spellbound, and over all that he touched with his ever busy pen, there hung an atmosphere of glorified beauty. Although the lines of his stories were written in the style of prose, the great master could not conceal the poetic temperament which dominated his work, and hence the artistic and the poetic were visible upon every page of his wonderful books.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE STATE TAX COMMISSION: A STUDY OF THE DEVELOPMENT AND RESULTS OF STATE CONTROL OVER THE ASSESSMENT OF PROPERTY FOR TAXATION. By Harley Leist Lutz, Ph. D. (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1918. 673 pp. 8 vo. \$2.75.)

As one reads page after page of this book, written by a professor of economics in Oberlin College, the impression accumulates that the author has performed an important task and that he has done his work with excellency. He has, to be sure, not said everything that might be said about the administration of the assessment of property for taxation in our various states, but what he has said is adequate for a clear understanding of the history of our efforts to assess property for taxation purposes. Dr. Lutz enters a field that has not hitherto been considered as a whole, and he comes forth with a large and clear understanding of it. His book fills a big gap in our knowledge of a vitally important subject. It is a big book; and it will become at once the standard of our knowledge on this subject.

Dr. Lutz has traced the development of the administration of the assessment of property for taxation from the highly decentralized local system to the present State Tax Commission, which has become, in some of our states at least, a large and useful institution both for the state and the local units of government, which enables them to obtain more adequate revenue from their taxpayers for their progressive needs and in a more equitable manner. No one can read the two chapters dealing with the various state boards of equalization and assessment without coming to the conviction that the system of assessment for taxation in practically all of our states has been one of great inefficiency and injustice, and that state equalization of assessments made inadequately by inefficient local officers can do but little to make our system more adequate for the needs of government finance and government justice.

Neither can one read the several chapters devoted to the growth of the idea and organization of the State Tax Com-

missions in a good many of our states without coming to the conclusion that much improvement in government has come to these states from an increase in the centralization of control over assessments. The story is uneven in its interest. This is not the fault of Dr. Lutz's statement of it, but the fault of the various state efforts in the field of assessment for taxation. For instance, the chapters on the State Tax Commissions in Wisconsin and Kansas bring us hope and promise of really efficient administration in the system of state and local taxation in the United States, even though these chapters cast some shadows on our ideals of efficiency and fairness. The chapter on the State Tax Commission of Wisconsin is particularly hopeful. Dr. Lutz has written it in good form. The material was available; the career of the Commission has been so notable for its courage and constructive plan and work, even though at many points it has been unable to do by any means the perfect thing.

Another impression which one is bound to receive from reading this book is that, however capable and courageous the State Tax Commission may be, the constitutional requirement in many of our states that all forms of property, of whatever nature or degree of tangibility to the assessor's eye, shall be taxed at the same rate—for state and local purposes—makes it impossible to secure adequate fairness to the various taxpayers. One may correctly draw the inference from Dr. Lutz's book, that we need a capable and courageous State Tax Commission in each state, whether it separates its taxable property for state and local purposes, whether it makes classification of its taxables with different rates depending upon their economic nature and tangibility, or whether it has an income tax as a substitute for a tax on a good many forms of its personal property. A study of the efforts in our various states to assess general property by local officers only, by local officers with state equalization of their assessments, or by local officers under effective state supervision and control, drives one to the conclusion that those of our states which still have the uniform *ad valorem* system of the assessment of all forms of personal property as well as all forms of real property—of all forms of intangible property as well as all forms of tangible property—

must make fundamental changes in their constitutions before they can have anything like a reasonably efficient and fair system of taxation.

But when these constitutional changes have been made, a large task still remains for the legislature of each state to perform. It must make provision for a centralized control that has capacity over the local work of assessment. It must also preserve the local interest in such vital matters as the assessment of property for taxation purposes. It must work to secure the benefits of an efficient state control over the local units of government in matters of assessment and taxation, but it must not make this state control so autocratic as to discourage local interest in such matters or as to eliminate local interest from some participation in such matters.

CHARLES LEE RAPER.

University of North Carolina.

WOMEN AND THE FRENCH TRADITION. By Florence Leftwich Ravenel. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company: New York, 1918,—ix, 234 pp. \$1.50.

In "Women and the French Tradition" Miss Ravenel republishes five essays on Arvède Barine, George Sand, Madame de Staël, Madame de Sévigné and "Great Women's Daughters." Under the title of the "Riddle of the Sphinx" she studies the character of Madame de Lafayette. The introductory essay on "The Eternal Feminine" is reprinted from the *Unpopular Review*. An essay on "French Women of Today" completes the book.

As we are told in the Preface, the author is chiefly interested in France and in feminism. These interests are blended in this book in the choice of the subjects and in the emphasis given to feminist considerations. In a broad way the careers of the five woman writers discussed constitute in part the French tradition. They exemplify that French women have a distinguished share in French civilization, not only because they are French, but especially because as women they have their own share in the finer things that enter into national life. Such careers as these are not to be denied. Their characters and their lives, with their limitations and their failings, raise

the issue of the age, an issue tragic or irritating, light or grave, according to the temperament or viewpoint of the individual, but one not to be denied. Perhaps the rapid march of our age has carried us beyond even the stage of society to which Arvède Barine belonged, not to speak of Madame de Sévigné. It is one thing to study their lives and their works as a part of modern French history, social and literary: it is at times quite another to study them from the present day feminist viewpoint. In the narrow compass of the essay it is not possible to treat exhaustively subjects so complex, in a way at once historical and special. The literary reader will feel that literary considerations are extremely compressed and that the effect is to somewhat isolate these charming figures from the literary tradition in which he is wont to view them. The feminist may feel that in retelling the human story the feminist thesis is not always kept to the front. It is partly the limitation of the essay form and partly the author's way of entertaining us on two topics at once. Not that Miss Ravenel lacks feminist convictions: the touch of conviction is as persuasive as her enthusiasm is infectious. She is simply inclined to be candidly interested without going beyond a certain conservatism that belongs to criticism rather than propaganda. She quotes Faguet alone on feminism. Faguet shrank from no topic in the last decade of his life, in which the literary critic and historian became the many-sided philosopher of modern life, a philosopher who exposed many shams, destroyed many idols, but left his worshippers (chiefly feminine) a brilliant series of paradoxes rather than a doctrine.

To tell the story of these lives, to appraise these literary figures, to treat them from the feminist viewpoint in a series of essays is no light task. To maintain a high level of criticism without being erudite, to write with conviction and enthusiasm and at the same time with the light grace of feminine conversation is to write with charm. This Miss Ravenel has done. If the narrative pages have a distinctly lighter touch than the occasional pages of earnest criticism, the effect is agreeable.

The concluding essay on "Women of France" embodies in speculations in regard to the feminism of the future some observations about French middle class women, French women

and politics, the war, marriage, and motherhood that are not only interesting and well taken but exceedingly sound and convincing. Every lover of France will find them admirable. Evident as some of these things may be, they are all timely and valuable.

The "Eternal Feminine" which begins the book is bright and suggestive. Coming from a feminine pen it can be graceful and earnest, philosophical and teasing, a pleasant introduction to the gallery of portraits to follow.

The author dedicates the volume to the late William Garrott Brown, to whose kind encouragement and wise criticism she acknowledges her indebtedness.

ALBERT M. WEBB.

THE PETITION OF RIGHT. By Frances Helen Relf. Minneapolis: Bulletin of the University of Minnesota, December, 1917,—vii, 74 pp.

THE LEVELLER MOVEMENT: A STUDY IN THE HISTORY AND POLITICAL THEORY OF THE ENGLISH GREAT CIVIL WAR. By Theodore Calvin Pease. Washington: American Historical Association; London: Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press, 1916,—viii, 406 pp.

These two essays treat of different phases of the same subject. Doctor Relf limits herself strictly to the Petition of Right and the parliamentary procedure incidental to it; the chief point she makes concerns the procedure rather than the content of the petition. The opponents of the king in Parliament in 1628 faced a dilemma out of which it was not easy to find a way. They alleged that the king ought to abide by the law, which meant their interpretation of the law, and that he had not done so. To reaffirm their interpretation of the law in the form of a bill might not get the acquiescence of the king, and, in any case, to pass the law anew implied that their interpretation was without foundation in the first place. The expedient ultimately adopted was to have Parliament, sitting as a high court, state its interpretation of the law as a petition of right in which the king acquiesced. That is to say, the action of Parliament was analogous to that of our Supreme Court in affirming the constitutionality of a piece of legislation.

This same need of some court of appeal to hold the balance between Parliament and the king was at the bottom of much

of the trouble precipitated by the Long Parliament. The solution ultimately reached in the English constitution was, of course, to make Parliament practically the supreme factor in the government. But, as Doctor Pease points out, this was not the only solution open to the opponents of the claim of the king to divine right. In fact an alternative theory appeared early in the discussion, based, in brief, on the assumption that both the executive and the legislature ought to conform to a vague principle which, by a misinterpretation of Magna Charta, was called the "law of the land." To be more specific, the "implied argument was that the law of the land in a time of great and evident danger was the law of *salus populi*; and that Parliament as supreme judge of the laws of the land was judge also of the existence of such a law and of the necessity of invoking it" (p. 18).

Doctor Pease proceeds in the subsequent chapters of his essay to show how a minority faction of the Independents carried this doctrine to a logical conclusion. Faced with the refusal of Parliament to act in the manner prescribed by this theory, this group formulated the doctrine of the origin of government by a compact of the people and, in the Agreement of the People, undertook to formulate the principles that ought to limit the action of both king and Parliament, in short, a written constitution. Doctor Pease is not quite willing to say that the Levellers were also prepared to set up a judicial body to decide the constitutionality of a given action, but he shows clearly that they were conscious of the practical need of such a body under a written constitution.

Neither of these two authors uncovers points that are wholly novel to careful students of English politics in the seventeenth century, but both of them say in an authoritative form, citing chapter and verse, things it was essential to have established in order to appraise correctly the significance of the happenings of the seventeenth century in the development of the English constitution.

WILLIAM THOMAS LAPRADE.

THE ODYSSEY OF A TORPEDOED TRANSPORT. By Y. Translated from the French by Grace Fallow Norton. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1918,—vi, 217 pp. \$1.25 net.

This purports to be a series of letters by a young officer of the French merchant marine relating his experience between August, 1914, and February, 1917, in voyages in auxiliary war service in the ship *Pamir*. It is said that the publication of these anonymous letters made a great sensation in France where the volume became the leading war book of the hour.

Certainly Y's letters are highly interesting. They reveal the importance of the work of merchant vessels in serving army and navy and also the great risks which officers and men of the merchant marine must take with little chance of recognition or distinction. The *Pamir* had neither guns nor wireless and was otherwise insufficiently equipped. It is more than hinted that her owners were more profiteering than patriotic. Yet, in spite of bungling direction on the part of government officials, Fourgues, her captain, managed his ship with such skill and bravery that she gave good service to the allied cause until she finally fell victim to a torpedo.

These letters have a marked literary quality, and it is difficult to think of them as the work of an officer of the merchant marine. Captain Fourgues is portrayed as so able and far-seeing a critic of French naval affairs that one must hesitate to accept the view, expressed by the translator, that these letters were not written for publication. In fact the book reads like an exceedingly ingenious and skillful criticism of the French conduct of war on the seas.

HENRY THOREAU, AS REMEMBERED BY A YOUNG FRIEND. By Edward Waldo Emerson. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1917,—ix, 152 pp. \$1.25.

The "young friend," a son of Ralph Waldo Emerson and a country doctor at Concord, has during his long practice had opportunity to talk with many humble folk who were associated in different capacities with Thoreau, pupils in his schools, workers in his father's pencil factory, and the like. Their statements communicated to the author form the bulk of thirty pages of notes at the end of the volume. The

work proper, about twice as long, bears the earmarks of being an enlarged lecture. A better combination of the two kinds of material would have made a better book, but at the expense of the full first-hand accounts which comprise the author's main original contribution to Thoreau lore. In one case the signal for a note is given (for "the rendition of Sims and Burns," p. 113) but the note does not appear. Two excellent portraits represent the naturalist in youth and in maturity.

Dr. Emerson refutes the notion current in his time and since that Thoreau was selfish and lazy, by the representation in a new light of his support of his family in the pencil business. His practical ability and mechanical ingenuity are amply and sometimes humorously shown. The Walden experiment was performed "to get advantageous conditions to do his work, exactly as a lawyer or banker or any man whose work requires concentration is sure to leave his home to do it. . . . Meantime he earned the few dollars it took to keep him." This ability to support himself with very little labor and expense, and his choice to spend the greater part of his time in what Mr. Emerson aptly calls "happy loneliness" seem to have constituted the main ground for the complaint of his "practical" neighbors about him.

That Thoreau was sufficiently unlike other people than Bronson Alcott, however, is shown by an incident in a hostess' parlor (notes, page 146): "Mrs. Ricketson, playing at her piano, struck into 'The Campbells are Coming.' Thoreau put down his book and began to dance—a sylvan dance, as of a faun among rocks and bushes in a sort of labyrinthine fashion, now leaping over obstacles, then advancing with stately strides, returning in curves, then coming back in leaps. Alcott, coming in, stood thunderstruck to see 'Thoreau acting' his feelings in motion, as he called it. Alcott did not have that kind of feelings."

The contrast between Thoreau's and Alcott's ideas and habits is brought out effectively in several other places. The two worked together making Alcott's summer house at Concord, and Thoreau wrote to Emerson, "Ah, he is a crooked stick himself. He is getting on now so many *knots* an hour."

One is tempted to quote many excellent things in the book.

A delightfully characteristic passage is a paragraph from a letter to Dr. Emerson's little sister (notes, page 133):

"I found a nice penknife on the bank of the river this afternoon, which was probably left there by some villager who went there to bathe lately. Yesterday I found a nice arrowhead, which was lost some time before by an Indian who was hunting there. The knife was a very little rusted; the arrowhead was not rusted at all."

Equally characteristic was his answer on his death bed to his Calvinist aunt, who asked anxiously whether he had made his peace with God: "I did not know we had ever quarrelled, Aunt."

One's renewed impression of Thoreau's personality after this really valuable new light shed upon it is, I believe, much that of a faun reincarnate, combined with some of the wit, the whimsical perverseness, the shyness and temerity, and the devotion to duty, of Charles Lamb.

H. M. ELLIS.

IDLE DREAMS OF AN IDLE DAY. By Henry E. Harman, Litt. D. Illustrated. The State Company: Columbia, S. C., 1917,—88 pp.

This attractive volume of prose and verse is divided into three parts. The first is an account of a yachting cruise through the inland waters of Florida. Dr. Harman tells us that this is the only satisfactory way to travel in Florida. It is thus that the man from the city can escape the noise and confusion of urban life without merely exchanging it for the empty life of the conventional swell hotel. Here and there in these pages are descriptions that have unusual charm and freshness. They reveal the basis of the verse that is scattered through the book—verse that is genuine and often felicitous. Dr. Harman combines the ability to see with responsive feeling. He finds at times in both his verse and prose adequate expression for these glimpses of nature that stir his heart.

The bits of information as to the route to be followed and likely spots to be hunted out will doubtless interest the prospective traveler to Florida. Some of the more personal items and remarks add little to the merit of the book. The sight of the stunted pine on the shore, a moonlight scene on the river,

something seen as a picture and felt as an experience—these are the things that are especially well rendered. The narrative prose and the random observations sometimes fall short of interesting the reader.

In the second part the author tells how, by taking up golf and out of door recreation, he escaped the breakdown in health that too close application to a successful business career made imminent. He tells a fishing story, a story of Florida life, and gives us his gospel of love for nature.

The third portion of the book contains a plea for the cultivation of literature, especially poetry, a chapter on "Ideals in the Spirit of Higher Living," and one on "The Gentle Art of Being Kind." The philosophy of life, or natural religion, that the author gives expression to is sane and wholesome and vital. It does honor to his spirit and character, and it to a great degree explains the appeal of the author's verse. But it is rather in the verse and in those paragraphs of prose in which things seen become the basis of a spiritual experience rendered as a flash of poetic vision that the author is original.

ALBERT M. WEBB.

EAST BY WEST: ESSAYS IN TRANSPORTATION. By A. J. Morrison.
Boston: Sherman, French and Company, 1917,—177 pp. \$1.25 net.

This essay professes to be "a commentary on the political framework within which the East India trade has been carried on from very early times, starting with Babylon and ending very near Babylon." After sketching the course of trade and commerce in the times when Babylon was a magnificent city, Mr. Morrison's graceful pen follows the paths by which the world has gone West. He passes successively from Mesopotamia to Tyre and Sidon, Greece, Constantinople, Rome, the Italian cities, Western Europe, and the Americas. When the farthest frontiers of the West had been reached, from the Golden Gate new ocean paths were traversed to the East. With the East India trade as a nexus, the author rapidly surveys the world's transportation methods and routes for forty centuries and ends with the Bagdad Railway.

The effect of the succession of sketches Mr. Morrison presents is somewhat kaleidoscopic. He has gathered together an

endless variety of interesting things and offers to the reader a series of pen pictures in high colors. But they are so brief and are exhibited to the reader so rapidly as to leave his eye dazzled and his mind almost confused. However, as a novelty in the discussion of world transportation questions Mr. Morrison's work is certainly of unusual interest.

ESSAYS IN WAR TIME. FURTHER STUDIES IN THE TASK OF SOCIAL HYGIENE. By Havelock Ellis. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1917,—252 pp.

RIGHT AND WRONG AFTER THE WAR. By Bernard Iddings Bell. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1918,—ix, 187 pp. \$1.25 net.

Havelock Ellis, the distinguished English scientist, has collected in this volume a considerable number of short essays, many of them having direct connection with the problems of war time. Some of his subjects are "Evolution and War," "War and Eugenics," "Morality in Warfare," "Is War Diminishing?" "War and the Birth Rate," and "War and Democracy." In time of war Mr. Ellis has a hopeful attitude toward plans to ensure the preservation of the world's peace in the future. He says that "the vast conflagration of today must not conceal from our eyes the great central fact that war is diminishing, and will one day disappear as completely as the mediaeval scourge of the Black Death. To reach this consummation all the best humanizing and civilizing energies of mankind will be needed."

Other important subjects discussed by Mr. Ellis are "Feminism and Masculinism," "The Nationalization of Health," "Eugenics and Genius," "Civilization and the Birth Rate," and "Birth Control." On these and other matters his style is clear and readable, his thought stimulating, and his views positive.

Another volume of essays on social problems is that by an American churchman, Dean Bell, of St. Paul's Cathedral Church, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin. Dean Bell is considering especially the part which workers of the church are to play in applying Christian moral principles to the new problems of living. He discusses problems of restatement of Christian ethics, problems of the "hunger urge," problems of the "sex

urge," problems of the local community, and national and international problems. It is a forward-looking book of peculiar interest to churchmen but containing a vigorous and sensible discussion of matters important to all good citizens.

NOTES AND NEWS

The Princeton University Press has published a volume entitled "Tales of an Old Sea Port" by Wilfred Harold Munro, of Brown University. A sketch of the history of Bristol, Rhode Island, is followed by biographical accounts of old sea captains of the locality and narratives or journals of some of their important voyages. There are several illustrations of an unusual character. The book is of importance from the standpoint of local history, and relates in an interesting way the deeds of venturesome Bristol men in remote parts of the world.

Rev. Abraham Mitrie Rihbany, the eloquent Boston preacher of Syrian birth, has written a little book on "Militant America and Jesus Christ," which he has dedicated "to the soldiers of democracy on every battlefield." The essay is a study of the sayings of Jesus as affecting the question of the righteousness of the use of force in a good cause. Mr. Rihbany is convincing in his argument that the followers of Christ are justified by his teachings in resisting German military aggression with the sword. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, Mass. \$.65 net.

After the European War must come numerous problems of reconstruction. One of the most important of these is the training of soldiers who have been permanently injured or crippled so that they may be enabled to take useful, and at least partly self-supporting, places in the organization of economic society. George Edward Barton has written under the title "Reëducation," a book which contains important suggestions along this line derived from personal experience and extended investigation. The volume merits the careful consideration of social workers. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, Mass. \$1.00 net.

The Office of Farm Management of the United States De-

partment of Agriculture has recently published a "Geography of the World's Agriculture," by V. C. Finch, Assistant in Agricultural Geography, and O. E. Baker, Agriculturist. This is an exceedingly timely publication, showing by means of a large number of maps, diagrams, and tables the sources throughout the world of the principal agricultural products. Its use is made easy by excellent topical and geographical indexes. Teachers of commercial geography—especially the geography of food products—are under great obligations to the authors. Washington: Government Printing Office, 1917.

The most important matter presented in the twelfth annual report of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching is the new plan for a system of insurance and annuities for the benefit of the college and university teachers of the United States. A commission constituted by the Foundation has recommended the organization of a corporation to be called the Teachers Insurance and Annuity Association of America. The purpose of the corporation is "to provide insurance and annuities for teachers and other persons employed by colleges, by universities, or by institutions engaged primarily in educational or research work; to offer policies of a character best adapted to the needs of such persons on terms as advantageous to its policyholders as shall be practicable; and to conduct its business without profit to the corporation or to its stockholders; and the corporation shall transact its business exclusively upon a non-mutual basis and shall issue only non-participating policies." The corporation proposes to begin its work with a very distinguished list of incorporators and trustees. The details of the proposed plan are of great interest and importance to every college teacher in the United States. The Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, 576 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

The April number of the *Studies in Philology*, published by the University of North Carolina, contains a third series of Elizabethan studies. Especially noteworthy is a short article by Eden Phillpotts on "Hayes Barton," the birthplace of Sir Walter Raleigh. This is attractively illustrated from photo-

graphs by Mr. Phillpotts. Professor Edwin Greenlaw writes on "Spenser's Fairy Mythology," and there are a number of other important articles by scholarly writers.

The Historical Society of East and West Baton Rouge has issued the second volume of its proceedings. This report is a model for the detailed information which it gives regarding the work of the society. It contains many short but interesting papers dealing with state and local history. The editor is Professor M. L. Bonham, Jr., of Louisiana State University.

The report of the secretary of the General Education Board for the year 1916-1917 contains an account of the activities of the Board in aiding a number of colleges and universities, in promoting the establishment of a strong medical college at the University of Chicago, and in aiding public education in various of the states. Especially interesting is the account of work done to improve the character of negro rural schools in nearly all the states of the South. The General Education Board, 61 Broadway, New York City.

Bulletin No. 638 of the United States Department of Agriculture is a contribution from the Forest Service on "Forestry and Community Development," by Samuel T. Dana, Assistant Chief of Forest Investigations. The bulletin is a most striking presentation of the effects of destructive lumbering and forest devastation. The text and the illustrations show the evils that have resulted in abandoned towns, deserted cut-over lands, eroded hillsides, abandoned railroads, and depreciated property values. The pamphlet is a strong and convincing argument for the development of a rational timberland policy.

"The Need for National Efficiency" is a reprint of part of an address delivered by Mr. Otto H. Kahn at Chicago, January 12, 1918. Mr. Kahn has made in this and other addresses valuable contributions to popular understanding of the economic problems involved in the participation of the United

States in the war. He makes a plea for an official body charged specifically with the duty of giving direction to the necessary general campaign of saving and also with the task of studying and advising on industrial and economic post-bellum problems. The address is a very effective argument against the haphazard handling of problems of gravest importance to the nation's welfare.

The fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute for the education of negro students will be celebrated on October 31 and November 1 at Hampton, Virginia. The dedication of the Robert C. Ogden memorial auditorium will occur on October 31 with an address by Chancellor J. H. Kirkland, of Vanderbilt University. If the condition of the public service shall warrant at the time, the President of the United States has agreed to be present and make an address on Friday, November 1. President Alderman, of the University of Virginia, is also expected to speak on the same day.

Dr. George E. Vincent, President of the Rockefeller Foundation, has recently published an interesting review of the work of the Foundation in the year 1917. During that year the Foundation expended in the various fields of war work nearly six million dollars. During the same period \$3,630,000 was expended for medical research and education in connection with the Rockefeller Institute and the China Medical Board. Expenditures for various other philanthropies brought the total to between eleven and twelve million dollars. Dr. Vincent's review of these far-reaching philanthropies is accompanied by many charts and illustrations. New York: The Rockefeller Foundation.

The Guaranty Trust Company, of New York City, is publishing and distributing free of charge to those who are interested a series of booklets on economic and financial subjects of current interest. Recent issues deal with "The Federal Income Tax Law," "The War Finance Corporation Act," and "The War Excess Profits Tax Law." 140 Broadway, New York City.



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